The Nation.

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The Week.

The Philippine insurrection is evidently "over" in just the same sense that it has been over at least twenty times before. Aguinaldo, instead of being caught, or surrendering to Wildman in Hong Kong, appears to have evaded pursuit and to be on his way to rejoin the insurgents in the south, where even Gen. Otis admits them to be in great force and enthusiasm. In the town of Imus, which is now assailed by a force led by the man whom Prof. Worcester chose as first trusty American Mayor of the place, the people are so fond of us that they take pot shots at our troops from their windows. Even in Negros, where the Philippine Commission told us that the inhabitants were just tickled to death to have Americans ruling over them, there has been a revolt of the native police, who have killed an American officer. So stupidly do the Filipinos misread the signs of the times. If Ohio had gone Democratic, we could understand their strange obstinacy; but, as it is, they seem to be flying in the face, not only of the good McKinley, waiting to bless them, but of the election returns. Those regrets which were expressed the other day that so large an American force was en route to the Philippines will not be heard again. The men will all be needed. It took the English four years to suppress the feebler Burmese insurrection; and if the Filipino stomach for a fight continues to be of the historic Malay reputation, we may still be hearing that the insurrection is "over" somewhere about the year 1907.

Gen. Otis is having trouble with the American newspapers again. These are, we observe, always his worst enemy when anything happens to show that the Filipinos have not yet had enough. As long as they are surrendering and fleeing, Otis has no complaint to make of newspapers in this country; but as soon as the natives start a fresh revolt anywhere, or make a stubborn stand, he is able to trace a hard-and-fast connection of cause and effect between "defamatory newspaper articles of United States" and the fact that the Filipinos do not at once quit. But, speaking of defamatory articles, the American papers in the Philippines can do pretty well in that line. Here is the Manila *Freedom* of October 24 referring to a contemporary as "one of the scurviest, scabbiest, meanest, most untruthful, and dishonorable rags," which "rakes around in the mud and filth of rabid, unintelligent, pimple-headed criticism of the Administration," and "has hesitated at nothing contemptible and devilish." We cite this as defamatory matter which Gen. Otis has full power to suppress, but which he allows to go unrebuked, for the purpose, we suppose, of instructing the ignorant natives in the amenities of American journalism.

The promotion of Leonard Wood is undoubtedly a preliminary step to his appointment as Military (not Civil) Governor of Cuba. To this appointment everybody who has any knowledge of the condition of affairs in the island must give a hearty assent. While the duties devolving on him if he were appointed Civil Governor would be nearly the same, his powers would be less and his troubles would be augmented by the intense dissatisfaction of the Cubans, some of whom would look upon such an appointment as the destruction of their hopes for independence. They know that military rule must come to an end some time—that it is merely a makeshift. On the other hand, a civil governorship, with the appointing power at Washington, may last as long as it did when the appointing power was at Madrid—and be as disastrous, also. The motives for continuing it would be the same. Politics would always be in search of reasons for prolonging it, because of the places it would supply to Congressmen and bosses for their henchmen. The upshot of the whole matter would be annexation to the United States and perhaps a fresh revolution in the island. Hence we are not surprised to learn that all parties in Cuba desire the military government to continue for the present, under a man of steadiness, of experience, and of humanity.

There is very little enthusiasm, either in Congress or in the country, for the new treaties of reciprocity which have been laid before the Senate. On the other hand, there is very little opposition to them, and the probability is that they will all be ratified in due time. The only decided objection to them comes from the fruit-growers of the Pacific Coast, who protest against the admission of oranges and similar products at reduced rates. They advance the usual objurgation about pauper labor and home markets, but they are not likely to gain much attention for such threadbare arguments. The whole course of American trade is running against them. The absurdity of maintaining high duties on articles which we are exporting to foreign markets and selling in competition with English, German, and French producers, is becoming grotesque, and when these duties are employed to build up Trusts and to compel American consumers to pay more for American goods than foreigners pay for them, the feeling of indignation cannot be altogether repressed, even in the breasts of protectionists. Even Mr. John Wanamaker has put himself in the ranks of the tariff reformers. In his testimony before the Industrial Commission the other day, he said that the worst blow the carpet business in Philadelphia had ever received was the high tariff on carpets, which had stimulated overproduction at home to the ruin of the producers and the severe distress of their operatives. He might have added that the duties on wool had contributed notably to the same result.

The attitude of the free-traders toward the treaties of reciprocity is one of indifference generally. They regard these treaties as attempts to relieve the pinching of the shoe by cutting holes in it here and there—an unscientific method of securing relief, yet better, perhaps, than no relief at all. They are not unwilling that the protectionists should take the lead in demonstrating the advantages of lower duties, believing that every such reduction will lead to others sooner or later. Yet they will not take the initiative in promoting such treaties, since they consider them partial and one-sided, and founded upon private rather than public interests. The drift of opinion in the Republican party on this subject, if not toward free trade, is certainly toward freer trade. The Philadelphia *Ledger* quotes one of the leading protectionists in the Senate as saying:

> "Industrial conditions have changed and are changing every day. The wisdom of the Republican policy has been shown by the building up of great industries in this country to such a point that they can now compete with foreigners, not only in our own markets, but in the markets of the world. This result having been reached, the same degree of protection that was formerly necessary is no longer needed. We can very well enter into agreements with foreign countries to allow certain of their goods to come in free in return for similar concessions on our products. How fast we will go in that direction I cannot say, but I expect to see the United States ultimately living under a revenue tariff, with very little direct protection in it."

Of course, this leading protectionist did not want to have his name used—not yet.

The death of Senator-elect Hayward of Nebraska before he could take his seat, reduces by two the Republican majority in the upper branch of Congress, as the Populist Governor will appoint a member of that party, who will hold the seat until the Legislature shall have a chance to elect, a year from next January. Four seats in the Senate were vacant before Mr. Hayward's death, through the failure last winter of legis-

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latures to elect in Pennsylvania and Delaware at the East, and in Utah and California at the West. Gov. Stone is the only one of the four Governors in these States who has yet made an appointment, but, of course, if the Senate shall admit Quay, the other executives will promptly follow this example. Executive appointments in Utah and California would make no difference in the representation of those States as compared with election by the legislatures, since the Governor and majority of the lawmakers in Utah are Democrats, while in California they are Republicans. But the Democrats will gain a seat if the Senate shall admit Quay from Pennsylvania on the credentials which he presents, and then later receive a man from Delaware on similar papers, as the Governor of the latter State, chosen in 1896, is a Democrat, while the Republicans carried the Legislature in 1898, and might have had a Senator sworn in on Monday week if they could have agreed among themselves as to who he should be last winter.

It is already evident that the more sensible and candid among those members of the House who refused to let Representative Roberts of Utah take the oath last week, regret that they were swept off their feet by the wave of popular clamor. The claims which were made for this hasty and revolutionary action do not stand examination, while the arguments in favor of following both the precedents and the obvious dictates of justice, by admitting Roberts and then expelling him if a fair investigation should warrant the step, grow stronger the more carefully they are examined. The situation is made the worse by the fact that the investigation which has been ordered is to be made by a packed committee. It is always the custom in a legislative body, as it is the obvious dictate of justice, that the minority should be allowed representation on every committee. Nearly sixty members voted with Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, the Democratic leader, to let Roberts take his seat and to refer the charges against him to the judiciary committee for investigation, but not one of these men was given a place on the special committee which was finally ordered. This unfairness on the part of Speaker Henderson is only another illustration of the way in which one false step leads to another, in a legislative body as in every other relation of life.

A great deal has been said in the talk concerning this case about the necessity of "preserving the sanctity of the American home," the loudest voices raised being those of editors who have done most to demoralize family life by their newspapers. The truth is that the safety of the home, as of everything else worth preserving, depends upon the maintenance of justice. Every sensible person appreciates this when it is a case of lynch law by a mob, like the shocking one at Maysville, Ky., last week. It is equally true when the principles of lynch law are accepted by Congress, as happened in the House on December 5. The personality of Roberts has no more to do with the issue involved in this case than had that of Jay Gould years ago, when he represented the maintenance of the rights of property in this city. Investigation may show that the claimant of a seat from Utah is an odious wretch, who ought to be expelled by the House; but to refuse him admission on mere allegations of his badness, when he meets all the requirements of the Constitution and the laws for the swearing in of a Representative-elect, is an outrage. The homes of Maysville would be more sacred to-day if the people had allowed the law to take its course in the case of the negro criminal whom the mob burned and tortured to death. In like manner, "the sanctity of the American home" would have been better maintained if Congressmen had visited upon Roberts the punishment which he probably deserves, by expelling him in an orderly and impressive manner, than by violating the principles of justice and offending the sense of fair play.

The most gratifying feature of the first day's debate on the House currency bill was the unloosening of the tongues of Republican members who had hitherto been cringing or speechless whenever the silver question had been under debate. Mr. Dolliver of Iowa is a good example of the transformation that has been wrought in the party since the Sherman act was passed in 1890. Mr. Dolliver says that he voted for that measure, but that he now considers it "an act of unutterable stupidity." When the bill to repeal it was before Congress in 1893, he was in great perplexity, and he went to Senator Sherman himself to obtain some light on the subject. Mr. Sherman told him to shut his eyes and vote for the repeal, adding that all the prophecies he (Sherman) had made concerning the effect of financial measures during twenty years had been contradicted by the events. Mr. Dolliver did not stop with this joint confession for himself and Mr. Sherman. In response to a question whether he would now favor the opening of the mints to silver if an international agreement could be obtained, he replied: "No, sir; I have had my last whirl with silver; I have been humbugged for the last time."

It becomes clearer every day that no issue can be made between parties on the question of Trusts next year. To make such an issue on any question, one party must be for a thing, and the other party against it. This is what happened when the extension of slavery was pushed before the civil war, and again when the reduction of the tariff came up, a dozen years ago. But when the Republican President is ready to denounce Trusts in his message to Congress as vigorously as the leader of the Bryanites himself ever does on the stump, it is quite impossible to make an issue on this matter between the two parties. Even on the narrower ground of what should be done against an evil which all the politicians condemn, there is no such thing as a Republican position and a Democratic position. Bryan himself has always been vague when it came to outlining any policy of positive action, and now one of his followers in the House proposes to postpone all legislation by waiting until the Constitution shall have been amended so as to give Congress explicit powers in the matter. This suggestion by Representative Naphen of Massachusetts really marks the collapse of the attempt by the Bryanites to substitute the Trust issue for "16 to 1."

All Americans have a right to be proud of the Kentucky Democrat who has resisted all the "pressure" which the organization of his party could bring to bear upon him, and has done his duty as the man who had the casting vote in the Board of Election Commissioners. That board, like the law under which it acted, was the creation of Goebel, the "regular" candidate for Governor, and was expected by him to give the certificate of election to the Democratic nominee, even if it had to tamper with the returns in order to accomplish that result. There were three members, and both of the Democrats were supposed to be men who would "stand by their party." But Mr. Ellis proved to be a man who put his duty to the State first, and he joined with the Republican Commissioner in awarding the certificate of election to the Republican candidate for Governor, who had a plurality of 2,383 on the face of the returns. He did this, too, although he has always been a strong partisan, and although there were plausible grounds for going behind the returns, if there had been legal warrant for such action. His own comment upon the act shows how hard was the task, and how great the credit which he deserves:

> "This has been a hard thing for me. I say frankly I did not like to do this thing; but under the law and the evidence there is nothing else I can do and be an honest man. I know there are plenty of men who think that, strong Democratic partisan as I have always been, I should have remained a Democratic partisan and voted otherwise. But I have done what my conscience and my long career as a lawyer tells me is right, and I will do otherwise for no man or upon any consideration."

It was inevitable that the Mazet com-

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mittee should close its labors in a general "row" among its members and its counsel as to who is responsible for the failure of the investigation. There is no doubt in anybody's mind as to where the responsibility belongs. The committee was never designed for any other purpose than a partisan inquiry, and its Republican majority had no idea of making any other use of it. Like all investigations, however, it got beyond the control of its conductors, for nobody can foresee, when the probe is applied to political methods in this city, what the outcome will be. This committee started out with the intention of exposing Tammany and Croker, very stupidly overlooking the notorious fact that Platt and his machine had been so closely allied with Tammany for many years that it would be virtually impossible to expose the doings of the one and leave the doings of the other unrevealed. They had not been in session a week, consequently, before they disclosed the fact that the two bosses and their followers were engaged in precisely the same kind of political business, and that when occasion required they united their forces for the plunder of the city. This was a result which naturally greatly incensed Mr. Platt, and he will never forgive the Republican members of the committee for allowing the showing to be made. We doubt very much, also, if he will ever forgive Mr. Moss for saying that he stampeded the committee finally by demanding the calling of Mr. Platt to the witness-stand. It will be extremely interesting to note the severe regard for the State's interests which the Republican majority of the Legislature will develop when the question of Mr. Moss's compensation comes before them.

The calm way in which Mr. Odell announces that the constabulary bill is dead, even before the Legislature has been convened, shows how completely our form of government has been changed. Formerly all questions of legislation were decided by the members of the Legislature at Albany. Now Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell decide them in this city or in Washington. "When I was in Washington," said Mr. Odell, on Thursday, "I saw Senator Platt, and, after looking the ground over, we decided that the constabulary bill would not be introduced. The organization will therefore not stand for the bill, and this information will be given to Gov. Roosevelt, who has always been in accord with us." Any bill which the organization does not "stand for" has not a ghost of a chance of becoming law, no matter what its character. This is so well established a rule of procedure that it is really a waste of time to have the Legislature sit for a longer period than is necessary for passing the supply bills. All general legislation can be transacted much more expeditiously either in Mr. Platt's rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or at No. 49 Broadway. That is where it is really transacted now, and it would be cheaper for the State to pay him a salary for his "work," than to keep up the cumbersome and obsolete machinery of a Legislature of 200 members.

Those English newspapers are wide of the mark which attribute to resentment of Chamberlain's speech the coldness of the President's references to Great Britain, in his message, and his pointed warning against "entangling alliances." This was clearly a line which the Administration had long ago determined to take. In the Ohio campaign too much was made of McKinley's susceptibility to English blandishments to leave any doubt that his next public appearance would be in the rôle of a cool and rather distrustful observer of English wiles. His message was, in this respect, only an echo of Secretary Hay's letter to the alarmed Irish Republicans and German Republicans of Ohio, assuring them that no "alliance" existed. Foreign editors and diplomats would do well to note that Mr. McKinley is an exceedingly shrewd politician, and that all his public utterances are primarily designed for home consumption. He has no objection, we presume, to the English comments on his studied neglect, or to the official pleasure in Berlin at his warm expressions of regard for Germany; but the real target he was aiming at was, of course, the disaffected Irish and German votes in our own country.

Gen. Methuen's successive battles are regarded by English military experts as "very expensive fighting," yet they point out that there was nothing else for him to do but to make his costly assaults on the intrenched positions of the Boers. His column is going in light marching order. He is, therefore, compelled to cling to the line of the railway for his commissary supplies and ammunition. Slow flanking movements are, besides, out of the question if he is to accomplish his main purpose, the speedy relief of Kimberley. Thus it is maintained that he is playing the game correctly, though at such cost. This is the reflection with which Gen. White in Ladysmith is also said to comfort himself. It is hard to sit still in garrison under daily bombardment, but if that is the correct game, the thing must be done. An added reason why Ladysmith was not abandoned, and why White was ordered to hold the town at all hazards, appears in the leaking out of the fact that the Government had accumulated there immense stores of various kinds. Their value is said to be hard on to $5,000,000. To have allowed them to fall into the hands of the Boers would have been a greater military disaster than any which has yet befallen the British troops in defending them.

To develop and defend Germany's expanding empire, the Emperor calls upon the Reichstag for a doubled navy. The voice is that of Hohenlohe, but the hands are those of the Kaiser. He distinctly foreshadowed the new naval programme in his speech at Hamburg last summer. At first sight the thing seemed impossible. The naval enlargement of 1898 had been wrung from the Reichstag only after desperate efforts, and after what seemed to be a solemn promise that nothing more of the kind would be asked. Prince Hohenlohe declared that the bill known as the "sexennate" naval bill, introduced in the Reichstag in December, 1897, would be "binding on the Federated Governments"; and no longer ago than January 30 of this year Admiral Tirpitz assured the Deputies in behalf of the Ministry of Marine that the rumor of a fresh scheme of naval construction was "not to be taken seriously." Here it is, however, and Von Bülow can only say that when he vowed he would ask for no more ships he did not think he should live to do so. Our war with Spain has opened his eyes in some mysterious way to the need of a larger German navy, and that the Reichstag is now asked dutifully to vote, with the comfortable assurance that no new taxes will be necessary to foot the bill. The money is to be borrowed, and the Treasury asserts that expanding revenues are fully sufficient to meet the interest charges without fresh imposts.

It is by no means certain, however, that the ambitious naval programme will have clear sailing in the Reichstag. Its terms have been practically known for some weeks, and have been vigorously discussed in the German press. Several powerful Parliamentary groups are bitterly hostile to the measure. The Social Democrats and the left Radical wing, under Richter, are against it on principle; and the Clerical Centrists oppose it also. On the other hand, the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Moderate Radicals of the school of Dr. Barth accept the general principle of the bill, which is, of course, strongly supported by industrial interests and exuberant patriots of all kinds. The Reichstag has just contemptuously rejected the Emperor's bill against the right of Socialists to hold public meetings, and his naval bill may fare no better at its hands. But he announces his intention to dissolve the Reichstag and appeal to the country in case the greater navy commensurate with the needs of Greater Germany is refused him. In the present prosperity of the nation, the probabilities are that a new Reichstag would give him his ships if the present one declines to.

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LYNCHING.

The horrible affair in Maysville, Kentucky, on Wednesday of last week, calls special attention to one of the most valuable portions, if not the most valuable portion, of Booker Washington's book on 'The Future of the American Negro'—what he says about lynching. It is valuable because it is the part which most seriously calls for immediate action by the American people, and it is, probably for that very reason, the part that has received the least attention from the newspapers. On all subjects, we love generalities which do not entail obligations that will interfere with "business."

What Mr. Washington says is, in substance, this: That "many good people in the South and also in the North have got the idea that lynching is resorted to for one crime only." Now for the facts. During the past year, 118 were lynched in the South, and 9 in the North and West. Of these, 102 were negroes, 23 were whites, and 2 were Indians. Only 24 of the entire number were charged with rape, or assaults upon women; all the others were charged with offences for the punishment of which the criminal law is instituted and courts established in civilized countries. In other words, 81 of these unfortunates were executed without trial by mobs actually engaged in the work of spreading civilization in the Philippines—of all places in the world—and who at home are squatted on "glory-crowned heights." During one week last spring, Mr. Washington says, he kept a careful record of the lynching of 13 negroes in three States who were all accused of murder or house-burning only. He cites another year, 1892, when 241 persons were lynched in the whole United States. One hundred and sixty were negroes and five were women. Well, out of these only 57 were charged with assaults on women, so that 184 were executed without trial by mobs, for other crimes. To sum it all up, he says, within a period of six years, 900 persons have been lynched in the Southern States. He does not give the proportion in figures of those who suffered for assaults on women for offences ordinarily triable by the courts, but they were numerous.

The Associated Press tells us nearly every week that the practice of lynching is extending to white men also, and that lynchings are attended largely by youths, and sometimes even by children. There is a story of a boy who, returning home, told his mother "that he had seen a man hanged, and he did *so* want to see one burned." In the latest lynching, in Kentucky, the victim's eyes were destroyed with acids, and women and children fed the fire in which he was burned!

We thus see that the evil is spreading, and that the cause assigned for it by apologists is not the true one. It is purely and simply a descent into barbarism by people who pretend to be civilized, and, not only that, but are pretending to spread civilization. The recent mutilation and slicing of the negro in Georgia shows that plain lynching was not enough to satisfy the savage instincts of the whites. This had simply dulled their palates. They needed to have them tickled by the torture of a human being—which shows, we think, that, if this practice goes on, Booker Washington, or somebody, will have to write another book on a still more important subject, "The Future of the American White."

It is no wonder the clergy call for more Bible-reading in the schools, but they will find that Bible-reading in the schools will not save them, unless the adult whites can show more regard for life, property, and order. The only sign we have as yet seen of reaction against this barbarism is the rescue by the constituted authorities in South Carolina of five negroes accused of an assault on women, from the hands of a mob, and the bringing of them to legal trial before a court. At this trial four were acquitted, thus casting a dreadful light on the fate of hundreds of others who have suffered at the hands of lynchers. How many unfortunate wretches must thus have been done to death whom even a slight judicial inquiry would have saved? Methodists and Baptists among us hold up their hands in horror over the atrocities of the Inquisition in Spain and of arbitrary power everywhere; but what were the atrocities of the Inquisition in Spain, and what are the atrocities of arbitrary power *anywhere*, compared to the atrocities of lynching mobs among us? The Inquisition at least gave the victim the form of a trial, and there is no arbitrary power except Turkey during a rebellion which does not favor its victims with a drum-head court-martial. But fancy being dragged to death, often in the darkness of the night, by a roaring mob, whom no prayers would pierce and no evidence convince, for they must have their diabolical excitement!

We have allowed this to go on, year after year, with slight notice from the authorities, and not much from the newspaper press, which may be said to have adopted for its motto the Italian inscription on the sun-dial: "*Nessun' ore ricordo che le serene*," which may be freely translated, "I speak only of pleasant things." During the Philippine crusade this has been particularly the case. It does not do to tell a strenuous people that they are not doing their proper work.

"STRENUOUS" EXCITEMENT.

A distinguished European psychologist who discusses human frailties with the calm of a doctor considering symptoms of disease, while talking last summer called attention to the steady growth of brutality in amusements. He said that in the French democracy at least there was a distinct return in this respect to the Middle Ages. He pointed out that the progress towards refinement and humanity during the fifty years that followed the Revolutionary wars was made while the intellectual classes, or, as he called them, *les classes dirigeantes*, were in the ascendant. Since the democracy has come into power the direction of the tide has been reversed. He pointed to the bull-fights as an illustration. They had always been regarded in France as the amusement of a half-civilized and declining nation. Universal suffrage had not been long established in France before they made their appearance at Arles and other places in the neighborhood of Spain. The sport is prohibited by the French law, but no one is empowered to prevent it. All that can be done is to punish by a fine after the act the persons who get up a bull-fight; but the fine is a trifle compared to the gate-money, so that no attention is paid to it. Bull-fighting had, accordingly, made its appearance further north, in Paris and even in Boulogne, where it draws crowds from England. The philosopher said that it would be difficult to get the law amended, owing to the Representatives' fear of the bull-fighting vote. Since then his theory has received some confirmation by the appearance in Paris of *le boxe* and *la savate*. *La savate* is an entertainment which consists in kicking your opponent in the lower part of his body, or, in fact, in any place that the foot can reach, from which the boxer is precluded by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. The first match in Paris drew a paying crowd, and *la savate* was easily victorious. We may be sure the experiment will soon be repeated. The rules will probably be revised so as to enable the English boxer to hit below the belt.

These illustrations might be multiplied, but what would be the use? We are greatly afraid that the French philosopher is even now adding to their number from what he has seen going on in America, where also democracy is triumphant. The rapid growth of athletics has, of course, developed a certain contempt for wounds and bruises, whether inflicted on one's self or on other people. One of the most awful facts of human history is the thirst of man for the blood of his fellow-man. He is the only animal who "delights in" and is proud of killing his congeners. We fear the transports of joy with which the war with Spain was received, especially in the West, would not have been displayed over the liberation of Cuba by peaceable means. Many people wanted the excitement of plenty of bloodshed, wounded to nurse, and battle hymns to sing; and, alas, it is a passion on which politicians are always ready to play. Another sign

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of the times in which our philosopher will delight is the growth of pugilism in the State of New York, the difficulty (so like that in France about bull-fighting) of suppressing it by law, the election of a fighting Governor to our highest office, his secret sympathy with the pugilistic ring, and the conversion of a room in the Executive Mansion into a sort of studio for learning the art of "knocking out," which we may be sure will figure as illustrations of our philosopher's thesis in his forthcoming work. And his thesis will be that the rapid increase of the multitude, which is always the less instructed portion of the community, naturally increases the temptation both of politicians, legislators, and showmen, to cater to their tastes.

Is it "going too far" to suppose that lynching, which was begun, doubtless, to supply the defects in the administration of the law, is now pursued as a mode of excitement intended to mitigate the dulness of Southern and Western towns? We have not the slightest doubt that this has had much to do with overcoming the old Christian horror of unnecessary wars. This dulness has been undoubtedly rendered harder to bear by the improvements in the means of communication, and the increased spread of cheap literature. When the reader of the cheap magazine hears of the glorious things which are occurring in courts and palaces and on battlefields all over the earth, his discontent with the sight of his own quiet streets and the monotony of his own sad existence is intensified, and he longs for a sensation, no matter of what kind, just as the Frenchman longs for a "bagarre" or "manifestation." But it must, if possible, have a little bloodshed in it. There must be bloodshed in every strenuous life. As Mr. Dooley said of the French trial, every witness must be sworn, else how could he commit perjury? So a strenuous American must stab or shoot somebody, else how could he show his valor? And do you suppose that the children and youths who accompany the "niggers" on their way to be burnt and tortured will grow up Christian gentlemen of the old type? The best thing that can be said of "nigger" torture is that it is the latest sensation for the strenuous world.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury possesses an unusual degree of interest this year, by reason of the great changes wrought in the public income and outgo by new taxes and expanding business on the one hand and by the wars in Cuba and the Philippine Islands on the other. The receipts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, were within a small fraction of $611,000,000, and the expenditures a fraction more than $700,000,000—a deficit of $89,000,000. The postal service ($95,000,000) is included in the totals. Of the receipts, $273,000,000 came from internal revenue, and $206,000,000 from customs, and $12,000,000 from Pacific Railroad refunds. Of the expenditures, about $230,000,000 was for the army, $64,000,000 for the navy, and $139,000,000 for pensions. There was an increase of $116,000,000 in receipts and of $161,000,000 in expenditures, as compared with the previous year. For the four months of the current fiscal year, there has been a surplus of $7,000,000, and the Secretary expects that this will be increased to $40,000,000 for the full year. He says that it has been impossible in recent years, on account of deficient revenues, to comply with the sinking-fund requirement of existing law, but that he has set apart $25,000,000 for the purchase of bonds at the market price under the statute.

This is a very gratifying exhibit. It is due in about equal parts to the new taxes and to the revived prosperity of the country. These two factors have made Mr. Gage's task a much easier one than his predecessor had to face.

Next in importance to the balance-sheet is the Secretary's discussion of the currency question, and to this we are glad to give our unqualified approval, both as to the thoughts embodied in it and the manner of their expression. Mr. Gage has been an unswerving advocate of the gold standard not only during his official career, but ever since this question became an issue in national politics. His previous reports have left nothing to be desired on this score. In the report before us he limits himself to a brief but earnest recommendation that Congress declare all of the Government's obligations, whether due now or at a future time, payable in gold coin of the present weight and fineness, and that it be made mandatory on the Treasury to keep the two kinds of money, silver and gold, at a parity under all conditions.

The larger part of the Secretary's discussion of the currency question relates to the banks, and here he shows a leaning toward a credit currency of the kind recommended by the Indianapolis Commission. He begins with a sketch of the processes by which banknotes were first brought into use experimentally, being a part of the operation of exchanging the banker's credit for that of his customers. It is immaterial to the banker whether the claims held by the public against him exist in the form of notes or book credits. His liabilities are the same in either case, and ordinarily they are no more pressing in one form than in the other. Why should not he and his customers be allowed to exercise their choice in this particular unhindered by the law? Evidently, because the public, *i. e.*, the noteholders, are not familiar with banking in general, and have no means of knowing whether the banker's assets are good or bad. Hence they are liable to be cheated. The law rightly protects them. It may protect them in different ways. It may do so by a deposit of bonds beforehand, as under our national banking law, or by a first lien on assets and unlimited liability of shareholders, as in Scotland, or by a mutual insurance fund, as in Canada, or by other devices which experience has proved to be sufficient. Mr. Gage points out the fact that we had good banking systems as well as bad ones before the civil war, and he recommends that these be studied, with a view to securing a banknote system that shall be both elastic and safe, both responsive to the varying needs of business and at all times redeemable in gold.

It may be asked why it is necessary to discuss this matter at all. Have we not a good banknote currency now? Is it not absolutely secure? Why should we be talking about a change in a system which works well already? Apart from the consideration that the present system is inelastic and unresponsive to the varying but legitimate demands of business, the fact stares us in the face that the national debt is likely to be paid off within a very few years. The bonds owned by the banks will be called in and the security for their circulating notes will disappear. This is the reason, probably, why the Senate Finance Committee proposes to extend for thirty years the bonds that are soon falling due. We observe that Secretary Gage does not refer to the refunding scheme in his report, and this is sufficient evidence that the plan did not originate with him. The refunding scheme can hardly pass the House. It is too full of mystery to be gulped down at one mouthful with all the other things embraced in the currency-reform measure. It is not the habit of Congress to meet any crisis so long as it can be avoided. This one can be avoided a few years longer, and it will be, but meanwhile people should be considering means and methods of issuing banknotes without bond security, as other nations do. Secretary Gage has done well to turn the public mind into that channel.

THE GREAT GODDESS PROSPERITY.

Most civilized countries are just now riding on the flood-tide of prosperity. We are not entitled to thank God that others are worse off than ourselves. England is snapping her fingers at the cost of a bloody war, so overflowing are her coffers. In France the tall chimneys are smoking in a way to please Thiers, if he were here to see his wish fulfilled. Germany is getting rich so rapidly that the mediævalisms of the Emperor are forgiven; anything can be pardoned a ruler who brings the nation wealth. Even in Italy, the Minister of Finance reports a surplus as grateful as it is rare. Prosperity is thus a world-phenomenon at the present moment.

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It also reveals in all nations striking characteristics in common. One of these is the tendency to exalt, or degrade, government into a solicitor of business. Presidents and Kaisers and Prime Ministers take on more and more the rôle of a commercial traveller. Admiral Beresford went to China, Emperor William to Constantinople and Jerusalem; President McKinley acquires the Philippines—all exactly in the spirit and with the methods of a drummer. There is the same eye for business, the same eagerness to "place" an order, the same fierce competition, and, we must add, unscrupulousness in securing trade at all hazards. That was a terrible caricature which M. Veber made in Paris in connection with the Kaiser's journey to Palestine—William and the Sultan gloating over the butchered Armenians, and exchanging presents and railway concessions. What might not an artist make of our own William striking hands with a polygamous and slaveholding Sultan—all to book an order for goods! No, the modern prosperous nation is not squeamish about the source of the gold that flows to its till. It may smell of blood, but what of that, with all our handy disinfectants and deodorizers? If the balance in the ledger is on the right side, we need not scrutinize too closely either our laws and treaties or our manners and morals. "Let us alone," is the cry that prophets and preachers hear in answer to all their protests; and it is the cry not of dreamy lotus-eaters, but of beings bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to the dwellers in Epicurus's sty.

No one can be ten minutes in company with active men of the world, nowadays, without being struck by their passionate absorption in the golden opportunities for trade now before our country, and by their general moral obtuseness as respects all questions of national right or wrong and State and civic corruption. They look at you with mingled amazement and impatience if you speak of such things. Are we not all getting rich? Then what can there possibly be to complain of? It is this attitude of "Who cares?" and "What does it matter?" which fills one with dismay, and arouses doubt if, after all, adversity be not, as Bacon said, the true blessing. Prosperity won and used in the right way is an undoubted blessing. Where increasing wealth means increasing comfort and opportunity and education for all classes; where the resulting good is in widest commonalty spread, and the new leisure and power are used to drill the raw world for the march of mind; where ideals are heightened and private and public morals purified as men are left more free from the struggle for existence to enter upon the struggle for an enlightened society and good government—then, indeed, abounding prosperity is the delight of philosopher and patriot. But if mounting wealth means declining civic sensitiveness; if we erect prosperity into a fetish like the Goddess Diana of the Ephesians, before which we must all go hushed, not daring to point out the thieving done in its name; if, as our bank accounts expand, our consciences must contract, and we are expected to "dodge and palter with a public crime," we cannot too soon go to the poets and the prophets to learn to what frightful catastrophe our pride of wealth is hastening us. It is written, not in vain, that Sheol hath enlarged her desire, and opened her mouth without measure to swallow up a people drunk with power and gold.

One thing is sure. The lean years will follow the fat. Amid all the flaunting banners of modern civilization, it knows that the red flag lurks just around the corner. Crop failures or industrial disturbances may at any moment launch upon us an army of the unemployed and unfed. And be sure that they will practise in those pinching times the gospel our lives have been preaching to them in these prosperous times. Can we then turn about and bid them be patient and moderate, when we have been setting them the example of headlong and unwinking greed? Can we ask them then to consider the public good, when we have been neglecting it for the sake of private gain? Can we appeal, against their passions, to courts and legislature and army, all which we have utilized, or allowed to be debased, to gratify our passions? These are questions which make, to the attentive ear, the prosperous earth sound hollow under our tread. Of the complete absorption of our best men in money-getting, with their impatient dismissal, as complete, of all questions of public purity, justice, and honor, we can only say, as Wordsworth said of the similar insensate and swinish rush of Englishmen to be rich early in this century, "This is idolatry." England had a fearful bill to pay for her idolatrous worship of war-bought prosperity, and so shall we have a sorrowful reckoning day, unless we smash our idols betimes.

OUR COLONIAL PRODUCTS.

The beet-sugar men have risen to protest against the admission of cane sugar from Porto Rico and the Philippines free of duty. They are gathering unto themselves the producers of tobacco, rice, and semi-tropical fruits, whose industries are threatened by the competition of these islands. At a meeting held at Omaha on December 5, Mr. Herbert Myrick made a speech, saying that domestic agriculture, as regards these specialties, is about to have "a fight for life." The immediate cause of alarm is the report of the Secretary of War, endorsed by the President in his recent message, recommending free trade with Porto Rico and a reduction of duties on sugar from Cuba. If these concessions are made, Mr. Myrick says, free trade with Cuba and the Philippines may be expected, and then farewell to our rising beet-sugar industry, not to mention tobacco and the other things which can be produced so much more cheaply there than here. "It might be possible," says Mr. Myrick, "for American farmers to raise sugar beets in competition with the coolie labor of the tropics, if our farmers were content to live on an even lower scale than their coolie competitors; but under our code of morality this is not to be thought of."

In order to prevent this degradation of American farm labor, he advocates the immediate formation of a league of sugar, tobacco, rice, and fruit growers, cigar manufacturers, and truck farmers, to oppose every movement for the introduction of these articles from Porto Rico, etc., free of duty. He believes that if the issue can be fairly presented to the American people, "not 1 per cent. of the voters will favor any such prostitution of American agriculture and manufactures for the benefit of colonial syndicates." We think that Mr. Myrick's position is on firm ground. If we are to have free trade, let us have it all around the board, and above board too, not in little spots and by indirect methods. This is a great question, and one which involves much more than the free admission of sugar and tobacco from our insular appendages. It involves the whole question of the "open door" in Eastern Asia. If our tariff applies at once to the Philippines, giving us an advantage over everybody else in the trade of those islands, how can we demand from Russia, for example, equal trade rights in North China? And in such case shall we not be taxing the Filipinos for the benefit of the United States?

Mr. Myrick's voice is not the only one that has been lifted up in protest against the free admission of the products of Porto Rico and the Philippines. The New York *Press*, a true-blue tariff organ, sounded the alarm immediately after the President's message was received. His admonition that it is our plain duty to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico and give her products free access to our markets is considered by the *Press* "the greatest victory for free trade since George M. Dallas, as Vice-President of the United States, gave the deciding vote for the adoption of the Walker tariff." In another article the same paper says that "President McKinley has struck the heaviest blow at the American tariff system which it has ever received from a Republican." If this policy is to prevail, it predicts disaster to the Republican party in all the Western agricultural States, including Ohio. It scores Secretary Wilson for his "wretched juggling play on the word 'imported.'" The simple-minded Secretary of Agriculture seems to think that $200,000,000 of tropical productions coming to our markets

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from Porto Rico and the Philippines will do us no harm, if our flag waves over those islands; but if they were free, or if they belonged to Spain, the damage would be immense, because, in the latter case, they would be "imported." Bless your heart, that is what we all thought a few years ago. We were all agreed that it would be disastrous to import Canadian barley and Canadian lumber while that country remains attached to Great Britain, but it would be beneficial to receive them if Canada were a part of the United States. That was the orthodox doctrine a little while ago. The only fault of Secretary Wilson is that he adheres to these earlier lessons. His political economy was interwoven with his patriotism in a manner that was likely to prove disastrous in an emergency like the present, and to call for reproof from wiser and cooler heads like the editor of the *Press*. We are glad to see that the latter is alive to the occasion and does not hesitate to apply the rod to both the Secretary and his chief.

Back of the question of the tariff policy to be applied to the islands lies the question of constitutional law. The Constitution of the United States provides that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." Language could not be plainer than this. If we agree that Porto Rico and the Philippines became a part of the United States immediately on the ratification of the treaty with Spain, then the levying of any duties in those islands different from those of our tariff, or the levying of any duties at all on goods from the United States, has been illegal. If we turn to the decisions of the Supreme Court, we shall find cases where it has been held that a treaty of cession of foreign territory to the United States does *ipso facto* spread our customs laws over such territory. On the other hand, it may be said that these decisions are fifty years old, that all the judges who concurred in pronouncing them are dead, that the circumstances of the nation are now different, and that the law must adapt itself to the nation's progress. Notwithstanding these old decisions, it is not unlikely that the courts to-day would uphold any action that Congress might adopt, or any that the Executive might adopt in the absence of action by Congress. Therefore, it must not be considered settled that our customs duties necessarily apply to Porto Rico and the Philippines as a consequence of the treaty with Spain. Nor is it desirable that they should so apply. We are committed to the policy of the "open door" in the East Indies, and it is difficult to see how we can adopt a different one in the West. If our tariff is spread over the Philippines and Porto Rico, we are estopped from complaining against any discriminating policy which European Powers may choose to apply in Chinese territory controlled by them.

ROUSSET'S HISTORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

PARIS, November 18, 1899.

It is painful to look back on a period of defeat and reverses such as the unfortunate war of 1870-1871; but just as we are recommended by moralists to make examinations of our conscience and remind ourselves of our sins and misdoings, we ought to look back on periods marked by national catastrophes and to take a lesson from the past. The war of 1870-1871 belongs already to history, and we can judge of its developments with more impartiality than we could have done at first. We have also at our service a multitude of documents which were wanting just after the conclusion of peace; we are able to compare the French documents with the German documents, and especially with the very accurate and precise accounts given by the German staff, a document of the first order, and, we may say, of an almost mathematical exactitude. There is already a whole literature of the war which it would take pages to catalogue completely.

One of the most useful institutions created in France after the war was what is called the "High School of War." It was felt that the old "État-Major" had not been quite equal to its task, and that it was not sufficiently numerous. Officers of all arms are admitted to the High School after an examination; they there go through a course of special studies, all bearing on military matters, and, after another and very severe examination, they receive at the end of their studies a brevet which gives them a title to be employed in the staff in time of war. Among the professors of this High School is Col. Rousset, who published, chiefly for his pupils but also for the general public, a very remarkable 'General History of the Franco-German War.' The work had so much success that Col. Rousset has just published a second edition, much improved and with many valuable additions. The first volume only has appeared, with the subtitle of "The Imperial Army." It extends from the beginning of the war to the first battles fought before Metz.

It opens with a chapter on the causes of the war, which Col. Rousset finds chiefly in the series of questions raised by Bismarck's desire to establish the Prussian hegemony, and to satisfy the growing aspirations of the German people towards unity. These aspirations were sometimes helped, more often thwarted, by the policy of Napoleon. After Sadowa, it became evident that war was inevitable between France and Prussia, and the French Government most imprudently furnished Prince Bismarck with the occasion for which he was waiting. The most foolish and frivolous pretext was seized by Napoleon's Government, and war was declared against Prussia on July 18, 1870.

What was, at that moment, the state of the French army? The law of 1832, the work of Louis Philippe and of the illustrious Marshal Jourdan, had ceased to be in force. This law fixed the duration of the service at seven years, and divided the army into the active and the reserve; the Chamber fixed every year the number of men called to the active army, according to the necessities of the budget. Such as it was, this law gave in 1848 to the Provisional Government an army of 500,000 men. Several changes were made in the law of 1832 during the Second Empire: service in the active army was reduced to five years, in the reserves to four years, and a National Guard was created. The system of substitutes was abolished. The National Guard was called *mobile*, and it was enacted that, in time of war, it should form part of the active army. In 1870 the organization of the *mobile* remained a dead letter. The active army, war once declared, amounted to 639,748 men, but only on paper; and there remained, after deducting the necessary garrison troops, only about 300,000 to make a campaign. "We were thus," says M. Rousset, "at the very beginning, in a state of numerical inferiority." He shows besides that the organization of the army and the character of the great commands were defective. There was no effective or rational preparation for what now goes under the name of mobilization, and in this respect the Germans were far ahead of us.

Gen. Thoumas, in his book on 'The Transformation of the French Army,' has criticised severely the imperial army of 1870, with regard to its intrinsic qualities. "The law of 1855," he says, "destroyed the precious homogeneity secured by the law of 1832. There remained, it is true, in the ranks a quantity of good soldiers, but there were also mediocre ones, and if the devotion of the regiments to the country and the flag continued to be undeniable, it was no longer supported by the totality, as was the case in Africa and in the Crimea, where every man did prodigies. The quality had diminished, therefore, as well as the quantity." As for the officers, Gen. Thoumas says:

> "Study was not held in honor; officers spent their time at the café; such as might have stayed at home to study would have been suspected of affecting to live away from their comrades. . . . As if this cause of diminution was not enough, literature and the theatre played their part. A novelist of talent invented a ridiculous type of a captain, and, to the good public, all captains became this type. The generals were, to the same public, confounded with the ridiculous type of Gen Boum [of the "Grande Duchesse"], an operatic personage imagined by two men of wit."

This same process of ridiculing, in novels or on the stage, the officers of the army, has been going on since the war. The "Belle Hélène" has again been put on the stage, and will be played, with an extraordinary *mise en scène*, during the entire Exhibition. New types of officers and non-commissioned officers and ridiculous types of common soldiers have been popularized. Gen. Thoumas attaches, perhaps, too much importance to this view of his subject. He says himself, at the end of his criticism: "However, the French army still had enough of what remained of its pristine virtues to be victorious; so much so that, notwithstanding the number and intelligence of its adversaries, it would have been victorious if it had been commanded."

That it was not commanded becomes only too obvious when the campaign of 1870 is studied in its details. The French infantry had an excellent weapon, superior to the German, an admirable *morale;* but it wanted two things, numbers and science. It had not been made familiar with the tactics necessitated by the new weapon. "The cavalry, in 1870, was in a state of great inferiority in the triple point of view of instruction,

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remounting, and numbers. The responsibility which fell on it was effaced by torrents of blood nobly shed." The French artillery had an inferior *matériel*, defective tactics, a bad apportionment on the battlefield. In short, since the Crimean campaign, the potential value of the army had been constantly diminishing.

It was not so with the German army. After Sadowa the first care of Prussia consisted in augmenting its army and in using its preponderating influence in Germany, so as to utilize the troops of its confederates. Military conventions made with Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden had added three corps d'armée to the Prussian corps. After 1860 the Prussian army proper included 370,000 men in active service, in time of war, besides 100,000 men in the *dépôts*, and 150,000 men of the Landwehr well instructed and armed. "It was enormous, and not a single Power in Europe had attained these numbers." M. Rousset explains at length in what technical points the German army was more efficient; he insists especially on the character of the high command, on its organization, on the efficiency of the artillery and its superiority to the French, and on the high qualities of the Landwehr, which formed an immense reserve of well-instructed soldiers. With the corps d'armée of the confederate southern States, Prussia had more than 500,000 men with 1,500 guns to place in the first line against barely 300,000 men, armed with insufficient artillery. She had, besides, an army of the second line of nearly 190,000 men, against whom France had nothing to oppose. The disproportion of forces was so great and so evident that it cannot be conceived how the Imperial Government could rush as it did into war. It was a desperate venture. The war party counted too much upon the prestige of an army which had triumphed in the Crimea and in Italy.

The mobilization of an army is the series of operations which places it on a war footing, completes it, and transforms it into an instrument ready for service. Concentration is the second act of the drama, and consists in transporting the mobilized troops to the scene of their future operations, according to a secret plan prepared by the general staff. These two successive operations were made with much disorder in the campaign of 1870, and consequently much too slowly. The Prussian mobilization, on the contrary, long and well prepared, was effected with mathematical rapidity and regularity. In seven days the infantry regiments were put on a war footing, the cavalry regiments in ten days, the artillery in eleven days. The Germans formed three armies, one of 72,000 men between Trier and Saarbrück; the second of 252,000 in the centre; the third of 182,000 men, between Landau and Germersheim. On August 3 the King of Prussia could dispose of 510,670 men, of 152,000 horses, of 1,206 guns. The great fault, according to M. Rousset, of the French plan of operations lay in the belief that the choice of good positions secured success. The position of Wörth had been marked beforehand in Alsace; in Lorraine another position had been marked between Sarreguémines and St. Avold. "There are," says M Rousset, "no good positions against an enemy determined to attack them." While Moltke said to his officers, "Attack the enemy wherever you meet him," the generals who prepared the French plan of campaign thought too much of defensive positions, and to this preconceived idea can partly be attributed the defeats of Froeschwiller and Spicheren.

I will not go into the details of the first actions of the war; they will be found abundantly in M. Rousset's valuable work. The first operations at Saarbrück, the battle of Wissembourg, the battle of Froeschwiller, the retreat on Châlons, the battle of Spicheren, the battle of Borny, fill the second part of a volume which will prove very instructive to all military men, and has a general interest that need not be insisted upon.

Correspondence.

OUR DUTY IN DILEMMA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your correspondents, in your issue of last week, asks, in view of the present political situation, whether we shall "choose to be foolish or to be wicked"; and you advise him "to wait." Possibly, if the question had been put in different form, your answer might have been more satisfactory.

There may be as great an interval between two enormous evils as between evil and good; there may be as solemn and imperative a duty to choose between such evils at one moment as to choose between evil and good at another. It cannot be foolish to discriminate between a fault and a crime; between an error of the head and one of the heart; between a temporary disease and one which is radical and permanent; between a national policy which is politically and economically unsound, and one which assails the vitals of the republic and essentially destroys it.

Now your correspondent, and probably a majority of your readers, including the writer, who has been under the education of the *Nation* for the past thirty years, have been doing a great deal of waiting, whatever form it may have taken, and have thought that the patriotic course. But waiting has its legitimate limits. However much we may regret it, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the issues for the next Presidential campaign are made up, the candidates selected. The man who waits too long wastes his influence. No one seems to have a keener appreciation of that fact than the President. He may fairly be regarded as the shrewdest, the most astute, and (tested by the severest standards) one of the most unscrupulous politicians who ever occupied the Presidential chair. It seems to have been a part of his policy not to wait, but to "stampede" public sentiment—to shift the mass of inert and mobile voters who are near the fulcrum of the see-saw to his own side on the question of imperialism; and no one can have watched closely the trend of public sentiment and avoid the conclusion that he has been to a certain degree successful.

Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to advise your correspondent, and all others who like him see a great interval between a possible financial error—I say possible, for few of us believe that free silver is probable, in any event—and a policy which absolutely destroys the ideals which have made us a nation, not to wait, but to face the situation courageously, and to use their voices, their pens, and their votes to prevent the wickedness which they clearly perceive. Frank W. Lewis.

West Newton, Mass., December 5, 1899.

A GOLD VOTE FOR BRYAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read Mr. Le Moyne's letter in your issue of November 30 with considerable interest. Believing as he does that our choice next year will be only to be foolish or to be wicked, I find no difficulty, as a Cleveland gold Democrat, in taking the foolish end of the dilemma. The next House and Senate, whatever else they may be, are anti-free-silver. The election, therefore, of Mr. Bryan cannot possibly bring in its train the evils the fear of which drove so many of us to vote for McKinley in 1896, and can and will prevent much of the threatened raid of Hanna and his conspirators on the Treasury. We voted for a gold standard and got—Hanna, the McKinley tariff, and Imperialism. I, for one, will chance Bryan next year, if the candidates are, as seems most probable, the same as in 1896.

James F. Burns.

Hopkinsville, Ky., December 3, 1899.

THE GROUND OF THE OPPOSITION TO THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though one may doubt the certainty of Mr. McKinley's reëlection, which your correspondent L. N. D. prophesies, there is no very solid basis to support this doubt; but his statement that the opposition to the President's policy must collapse when the war is ended, perhaps deserves a more emphatic dissent. In support of this opinion your learned correspondent says, "The American loss in blood and treasure was the main ground of that opposition, not the wrong done the Filipinos." It seems to me that both of these grounds have been but incidental to that much greater one—the danger to the republic which the President's policy involves. The opposition which is based upon the cost of the aggression is surely subordinate, and that which cries out against the wrong done to the Filipinos is but preliminary to the vital question which must be met and answered if this policy is persisted in. "We protest against this attempt to degrade this great republic into an empire," declared the Boston meeting in May, and this has been the keynote of the opposition throughout the country. The Conference in Chicago in October declared, "The foe is of our own household. The attempt of 1861 was to divide the country. That of 1899 is to destroy its fundamental principles and noblest ideals."

Naturally, the wrong the President was doing the Filipinos has been emphasized, as an existing fact, out of proportion to its real and ultimate importance. The criminal aggression is but incidental to the far greater wrong threatened to be done to our own people. Nor has the cost of the war been an important factor, in my opinion. The cost in blood affects but the stricken few, and the cost in treasure has not yet been felt to any extent. This cost will not

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end with the war, but its burdens will continue and increase, and may hereafter be so widely felt as to add an irresistible strength to the ranks of the opposition before the country is irretrievably committed to the folly of Imperialism. When the war ends, the work of the Anti-Imperialists really begins. C. B. WILBY.

CINCINNATI, December 9, 1899.

BLANK BALLOTS IN NEBRASKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter of November 12, the prediction was hazarded that it would be found that 5,000 foreign-born Republicans had voted blanks as to State officers this year in Nebraska. The official returns published this week show that 16,697 ballots were unmarked as to Supreme Judge, Prohibition. University Regents received a little more than 6,000 votes. There was no Prohibitionist candidate for Regent. This number may be allowed of blanks to the Prohibitionists. Five thousand blanks have occurred before from careless marking. Deducting both of these, leaves more than the 5,000 to the credit of Republican disaffection.—Yours, etc. W. G. HASTINGS.

WILBER, NEBRASKA, December 4, 1899.

BOER PREPARATION FOR WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a plain American, with a fairly good memory for ancient wrongs and modern benefits received by this country at the hands of Great Britain, there are several points connected with the present Boer war that need elucidating.

It is argued that, while the franchise question was under discussion, Great Britain was guilty of sending more troops to South Africa than were really needed in that country unless war was actually contemplated. It is said that "similar warlike preparations would have compelled a similar, though earlier, ultimatum if such troops had been massed on the frontiers of one of the great Powers." The inference is plainly intended that Great Britain was the only party preparing for hostilities, and that poor, simple-minded, pious Mr. Krüger, Bible in hand, was in the meantime doing nothing inconsistent with the most sincere desire to keep the peace.

On the other hand, we read in the daily press from day to day accounts of the wonderfully large siege-guns possessed by the Boers and of the skilled Continental officers who are assisting the Boers. A few exact dates would be wonderfully interesting as to when those big guns were purchased and brought into the Boer country, when the Continental soldiers were invited in, and why such steps were taken if poor, guileless Mr. Krüger was actuated solely by a desire to keep the peace all the time. According to treaties and conventions, the Boers had only their internal relations in their own hands. Foreign relations were by treaty lodged in British hands. Did the big guns and big officers come in during, previous to, or subsequent to the franchise discussions? Were they needed against the Boer domestic enemies, the Basutos, Matabeles, and Zulus? Is it likely that such preparations were made under the very noses of the British without their knowledge? Is it not a fact that the Boer guns, secured before the ultimatum, outclassed the British until naval guns were brought from the *Powerful*, long after the ultimatum? Who was the better prepared for war?

To an unbiassed American without Dutch or Irish blood in his veins, one whose great-grandfather fought at Lexington on the American side, it would seem that the above-cited pro-Boer argument is unworthy of serious consideration. There are good arguments pro and con, but that is not one of them. AN AMERICAN.

CHICAGO, December 4, 1899.

PREACHER AND POET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly quote the following passage apropos of your recent statement as to the decline of the minister's influence? The clipping is from the *Congregationalist* of December 7, 1899:

"Edwin Markham during the past year has been hailed the country over as a true and remarkable poet. Yet when he made his first appearance on the lecture platform in Boston several weeks ago, only three or four hundred people peered at him out of the vastness of Tremont Temple. The contrast between such an audience and the one at any session of the International Council in the same place was startling. When 3,000 cultivated people come to hear a preacher and 300 a poet, does it truly reflect the public estimate of the relative value of the two callings?"

TH. CH.

PORT HURON, MICH., December 9, 1899.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the editorial in your issue of December 7 on the "Future of the Small Colleges," you state very fully the arguments in favor of the universities, but, I think, omit some that may fairly be adduced on the other side. With regard to younger instructors, who will become the professors of the next generation, the supply is now so large that the smaller colleges can obtain men as well equipped as the universities can. In the universities these men are overworked, and are confined to instruction in one subject. Reading one hundred themes a week, for instance, does not conduce to healthy development. Admitting that a man who obtains decided distinction in his department is apt to receive a call at a higher salary to a university, we must remember that it is, very properly, the policy of every university to promote the members of its own teaching force. Nor are examples wanting where a professor, having perhaps acquired a home and feeling attached to his surroundings, has refused to leave a small college to receive double the salary in a university.

You say that in the university there is "a closer contact with scholarly instructors." That I should be disposed to deny, especially of the freshman year. In a small college the instructors become personally acquainted with all the members of the freshman class in a few weeks. There are always some students who become dispirited and discouraged early in their course because no notice is taken of them by their associates or their instructors. To such men a word of cheer is sometimes of great value. This undue sensitiveness is possibly a weakness, but it marks some young men of admirable qualities. Of course, the instructors in a university are as anxious to help a boy of this character as those in a small college can be, but they cannot find him out; he is lost in a crowd of three or four hundred. I admit, however, that there are cases of exactly the opposite nature—boys who are improved by being thrown on their own resources, and forced to find their own place without advice or encouragement.

Making the fourth year of the undergraduate course count as one year in a professional school cannot well be done in a small college. The power to do so is undoubtedly an advantage to the university. I hope to see the day when the A.B. degree is given after passing a certain number of courses with a certain average standing. This would give competent and well-prepared men a chance to finish their college course in three years, and would not degrade the degree as a three years' minimum residence must do.

I think that facts will hardly bear out some of your conclusions. All the New England colleges have in the last ten years raised their standards as much as Yale or Harvard has. All have improved their equipment and added to their funds in as great a ratio as Yale or Harvard has. All with the exception of Trinity have increased in number of students in no less a proportion than Yale or Harvard has.

You omit one great attraction to the universities—the prospect of being a spectator, possibly a participant, in the great athletic games. That is one of the strongest motives that can appeal to the youth of eighteen. Indeed, it appeals to the youth of sixty with hardly less force. It is not a very academic motive, but is a thoroughly human one.

In conclusion let me say that I am thoroughly in accord with the last sentence in your editorial: "It [the smaller college] cannot hope to retain its present independent and honorable status, or exert a large influence in educational affairs, unless it is able to convince the critical public of the soundness and adequacy of its work." I write because I recognize in you an organ of the "critical public." By the way, there is one test from which I am sure none of us would shrink, and that is the relative standing of the graduates of the smaller colleges and of the universities in the leading professional schools.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

HARTFORD, CONN., December 8, 1899.

A COLLEGE POEM OF ALLSTON'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On February 21, 1800, there was observed at "the University in Cambridge," a "solemn commemoration of General George Washington"; President Willard gave an address in Latin, Dr. David Tappan a "Solemn and Pathetic Discourse in English," while two "senior sophisters," Washington Allston and Benjamin Marston Watson, delivered respectively an Elegiac Poem and a Funeral Oration, of which, however (as we are informed by a note in the pamphlet containing these proceedings), "These two young gentlemen modestly declined giving copies for the press."

One's natural desire to see a poem by Allston on such an occasion is heightened by what one of his classmates (Leonard Jarvis, cited by Flagg, in his 'Life and Let-

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ters of Allston') tells of the way it was received at the time:

"The audience had been cautioned, on account of the solemnity of the occasion, to abstain from the usual tokens of applause, but at several passages they could not be restrained. . . . The oration that followed, though well written and creditable to its author, was coldly received, and the consequence was that, at the following commencement, the government of the University took care to place our friend in the order of exercises so far from the orator of the day as not to suffer the poem to destroy the oration."

I send you this note in the hope that it may result in bringing to light this poem of Allston's, which seems not to have been printed at all. Any one who can tell where it exists in manuscript (if not in print) would by so doing confer a favor on the public as well as on

Yours very truly, W. I. FLETCHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY, December 9, 1899.

LONDON FILES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very desirous of consulting files of the London *Morning Post* and of the London *News*, between 1861 and 1865, in connection with a work upon which I am now engaged, bearing on our foreign affairs during the war of the rebellion. Bound copies of the *Times* during that period are not uncommon—they can be examined in almost any one of our large public libraries; but I have as yet been unable to discover files of either the *Post* or the *News*.

The *Nation* is as generally read as any other publication in the country among those likely to know of the ownership of the papers named. Could I be put upon the track of such, I should feel under great obligation.—I remain, etc.,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

23 COURT STREET, BOSTON, December 5, 1899.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co.'s December list contains a 'History of American Privateers,' by Edgar Stanton Maclay; 'The White Terror,' a new romance by Félix Gras, translated by Mrs. Janvier; and 'The Story of Ronald Kestrel,' by A. J. Dawson.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'An Apostle of the Western Church,' a memoir of the Right Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., by the Rev. Greenough White.

'The Automobile Almanac and Trade Directory for 1900' is announced as in preparation by the Technical Office of the *Automobile Magazine*, No. 31 State Street, New York.

No one will begrudge Mr. Frank R. Stockton the uniform reissue of his novels and stories undertaken by Charles Scribner's Sons. The "Shenandoah Edition," as it is called, will embrace eighteen octavo volumes, and beginning has been made with 'The Late Mrs. Null,' dating back to 1886, 'The Squirrel Inn—The Merry Chanter' somewhat posterior in date. The DeVinne Press has put its unmistakable stamp on the presswork, which is as legible as it is elegant. Paper and binding (a silky green cloth) match well the printer's types. Mr. Stockton's portrait in one volume, a design by Frost for another, give promise of one such embellishment for each of the series. We must add that this attractive embodiment of a favorite author is not to be had through the trade, but only by subscription, so that those who are to find æsthetic pleasure in it must necessarily be much fewer than those whose sense of humor has been hitherto ministered to by Mr. Stockton during his period of active productiveness.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's 'Janice Meredith' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has met with a success that has justified the publishers already in bringing out an illustrated edition, with a miniature by Lillie V. O'Ryan and designs by "Howard Pyle and his Pupils." *This* is really a circumstance in American book illustration, which can show but few schools. The result is sufficiently harmonious and is at all events interesting. The binding, in blue and gold, is very tasteful.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, still a devotee of Edward FitzGerald, puts the 'Rubáiyát' for a time on the shelf, and does a greater service by enlarging than by intensifying the public knowledge of his author. For L. C. Page & Co., Boston, he edits an extremely pretty edition of "Salámán and Absál" and "The Bird Parliament" combined, prefixing the translator's references in his correspondence to these Persian diversions, as well as FitzGerald's introductory matter and notes. A portrait and tasteful rubrication are also to be mentioned among the adornments.

In May, twenty years ago, the same FitzGerald wrote to Mr. Lowell at Madrid: "I think that you will one day give us an account of your Spanish Consulship, as Hawthorne did of his English." This was not to be, nor is its place taken by the little volume, with a good portrait, entitled 'Impressions of Spain: James Russell Lowell' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Joseph B. Gilder has compiled it from Mr. Lowell's dispatches to the State Department, and it consists, first, of some general reflections on the domestic political condition of Spain, with a forecast of a conservative republic, sooner rather than later; reports of the King's first marriage, the death of Queen Mercedes, the second marriage, the attempted assassination; and a bare statement of Gen. Grant's itinerary on occasion of his visit to the peninsula in October, 1878. It cannot be said that these dispatches were worth disentombing. There is in them nothing very striking, no profound insight, while their style is far too conscious and studied to befit an official communication. The accounts of the pageants are but a superior form of journalistic correspondence. The poet has done nothing for the statesman.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's 'Poems of Cabin and Field' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) pass into a new edition, in which each stanza occupies a right-hand page, while opposite is a pertinent "living picture" of Southern blacks or Southern landscape, chosen or composed with much skill and taste. Both the photographs and the text are set in a floreated tinted border, of diverse patterns. The total effect is very pleasing.

Sidney Lanier's many loyal admirers will be pleased with Charles Scribner's Sons' reprint of his 'Bob: The Story of Our Mocking-Bird,' upon which they have lavished illustration in colors and all the art of the Merrymount Press. Four sonnets by the poet, not heralded on the title-page, come very near justifying such a sumptuous edition of a tale so slight, however gently and humanely written. The last of them is, like the beauty of the book itself, "its own excuse for being."

From the Pacific Coast comes another small and handsomely printed book, in which the quality of type and paper seems surprising, when bestowed upon 'A First Glance at the Birds' of California (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard). Mr. Charles A. Keeler, the author, is proud of his State and proud of its birds, which are large in number, varied, and full of interest. He writes of them with understanding and appreciation; and, like all good modern ornithologists, records his protest against their wanton destruction by milliners and idle collectors, their two worst enemies. This 'First Glance' is a prelude to a larger work.

Kenneth Grahame's 'Golden Age' (John Lane) makes a new appearance in a beautiful dress, and whatever opinion may be held of it as a book of tales *for* children, few will deny uncommon excellence to Mr. Maxfield Parrish's illustrations. There is one for each story, and if sometimes, as in that to "The Burglars," one suspects the assistance of the camera, the style is individual and the decorative sense is ever very true. There is, in particular, a charming mastery of landscape viewed directly or through latticed windows. Very clever, too, are the more or less humorous vignettes. So the volume must needs be an evangel of good taste if nothing more.

We must make the same comment on Mr. Percy J. Billinghurst's designs for 'A Hundred Fables of Lafontaine' (John Lane) that we did on those provided by him for the same publisher's 'Æsop' the other day: there is no humor in them, and no great accomplishment in animal drawing. In other respects the volume is taking. The authorship of the translation is not indicated.

Oliver Herford's second triumph of the season is 'An Alphabet of Celebrities' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), already known to the public by its serial publication in *Life*. It is by no means meant for babes, upon whom its more audacious humor will happily be lost. The portrait caricatures and the grouping of celebrities are most amusing, in key with the verse from the same pencil. Take

"I is for Ibsen reciting a play,
While Irving and Ingersoll hasten away,"

or

"K is the Kaiser, who kindly repeats
Some original verses to Kipling and Keats."

The square volume is lavish of red letter and red border, and is beautifully printed.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their one-volume "Cambridge Edition" of the poets 'The Complete Poetical Works and Letters of Keats,' and for this conjunction they are to be praised on the same grounds as Messrs. Macmillan for joining Tennyson's Life to his Poems in their late reissue. Keats's letters are the true portal to his poems, and might well have stood first instead of last in the volume. The reading of them would both tempt one to the poems, and would pave the way for the understanding and enjoyment of them. But they are also a discipline in poetic taste and criticism. The editor has done well to effect a chronological arrangement so far as possible—with no poet more necessary than with this short-lived genius. Besides "Notes and Illustrations" and an index of titles and first lines, there is an index to the Letters

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for which the editor is under no obligations to Forman.

In the tiny "Beacon Biographies" of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlain's 'John Brown' is distinguished for nothing so much as for the frontispiece portrait from a daguerreotype of the beardless Kansas partisan. It may well be compared with that of the same era in R. D. Webb's life, but it is more symptomatic of the unhumorous and unbalanced mind which was at once the weakness and the strength of the man of Harper's Ferry.

Whether the poems in 'Colorado in Color and Song' (Denver: Frank S. Thayer) were written to fit the illustrations, or the illustrations made to fit the poems, it would be hazardous to guess. Be this as it may, the illustrations are easily the prominent feature of this book, and, as such, are good in so far as they are photographic reproductions, but suffer in effect from color laid on with too lavish a hand. From the publisher's announcement that "this publication is the most pretentious of anything of its class heretofore attempted in this State," we are led to hope that something may yet be done for the art of tasteful bookbinding in Colorado.

Dodd, Mead & Co. send us the fifth volume of Mr. Luther S. Livingston's 'American Book-Prices Current' (September 1, 1898-99), covering the twelvemonth's auction sales at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The chief feature of the arrangement is the grouping of the products of the Kelmscott Press, which it seems to be the prevailing fad to acquire. The Manson sale in Boston is responsible for the large number of New England historical works included in the present list. Conspicuous among the MSS. and autographs disposed of are those of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Fulton, Grant, the Brontës, and Eugene Field.

Volume 2 of Prof. Gudeman's 'Latin Literature of the Empire' (Harpers) consists of selections from the poets of that period (which, according to the latest phraseology of the subject, does not include the Augustan age, but follows it). It is fully up to the standard of the first volume, which was favorably noticed in these columns at the time of its publication. The two volumes together will give any one a nodding acquaintance with most of the Latin authors after the golden age, and might even take the place of a considerable Latin library for those who like their classics in small doses.

Among recent contributions to English scholarship there comes from the Macmillan Company, with the title, 'The Seege of Troye,' an expanded Yale doctor-dissertation on a Middle-English Romance of the Trojan cycle which is found in MS. Harl. 525 of the British Museum. The text of the poem here presented is not of great value from a language point of view on account of its numerous evident corruptions, few of which the editor attempts to explain. If MS. Harl. 525 contains anything like a faithful representation of the Middle-English poet's translation of Benoist, it is pretty poor stuff, too, from a literary point of view, even when judged by the low standards which must be employed in dealing with some of the Middle-English Romances. As to the introductory matter which Prof. Wager prefixes to his transcription of the MS., it shows little originality, no vitality, and no great scholarship. It is one of those miscellaneous arrays of bibliographical references and polyglot quotations with which the German doctoral dissertation has made us too familiar—all set down in a dull, card-catalogue style which betrays the writer, and makes us see clearly that he does not understand the strength and resources of the very idiom to the scientific study of which he is offering his contribution. The text, however, seems to be a faithful reproduction of the MS. as far as it was in the editor's power to make it such, and the glossarial index is eloquent of a commendable industry. There is a field for such work, and it is a hopeful sign to see publishers becoming aware of the fact. If American students who enter upon it can once shake themselves free of pedantry and dulness, we shall gain a more vital knowledge of our language and literature, and cease to study our speech as if it were an interesting mechanical toy.

Dr. Wychgram's *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Ausländisches Unterrichtswesen* for October (Leipzig: Voigtländer) contains, besides much other matter, an essay on popular instruction in Italy, which cannot fail to interest educators in this country and others who have not become indifferent to the fate of the country to whom the world's civilization is under such heavy bonds of indebtedness. "The more ignorant my people is, the more clever I shall appear to them," was the maxim of the Bourbon King of Naples. "We should teach the people as much as they need, and educate them as well as we can," is the high aim which the present Italian kingdom has set up for itself. The writer—W. Braun of Milan—does not deny the shortcomings of public education in modern Italy, but he maintains that the Government, ever since the foundation of the public-school system, in 1861, has striven to perfect it; what is lacking is not the right intention but the necessary means. To tell the truth, there are features which might serve as models worthy of imitation by the nations most advanced in popular education, Germany and the United States. We will mention only, with a view to the former country, the absolute religious and political freedom of the teachers, and, with especial reference to conditions at home, their appointment, first for three years and then for life. In spite of the excellent school laws, however, his partial dependence upon the community frequently makes the life of the Italian teacher, especially the woman teacher, a cruel burden—a state of things described by De Amicis in 'Il Romanzo d'un Maestro.'

R. H. Russell brings out "A Calendar" consisting of pictured sheets of small-folio size, corded with silk, and not otherwise designated than by the figure of a polar bear on the outside. The series is, in fact, animal, and Bruin reappears in February, from his winter fast, only to slink back till furs become cheap. Mr. Frank Ver Beck is the designer and probably the poet also. He draws well, generally with humor, and his verses are amusing, if they fall short of Oliver Herford's, which seem to have prompted them. Mr. Gibson might pass for the prototype of Mr. J. Campbell Phillips, the artist of a still larger 'Cupid's Calendar' from the same house. His drawing is firm and knowing, and his groups pleasing; but of all the lovers we like the aged couple in December best. With Cupid himself, by the way, Mr. Phillips is least successful.

The twelfth annual meeting of the American Economic Association will take place at Ithaca, December 27-29, and will be notable for the address of President Hadley, and the discussion of Trusts or combinations, in which ex-Secretary Charles S. Fairchild and Mr. James Brooks Dill, counsel for the organization of several of the largest companies recently formed under the laws of New Jersey, will participate.

—Each one of three decades in the history of the fur trade in the United States is marked by some notable enterprise. The first of these has its overland Astorians of 1811-13, and we have our Irving for the imperishable record. Of the second, the full account is yet to appear, though it is notable for the exploits of William H. Ashley in 1822 and later years. For the third we again turn to Irving, whose Bonneville of 1832 and so on is familiar to the public. But in 1832-33 and 1834-35 some operations of much wider scope and further-reaching effect were conducted by an enterprising person whose name has never yet been popularized, though Irving has much to say of him in Bonneville. This is Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, whose two expeditions were undertaken in the years last mentioned, both for the purposes of fur trade and for the occupation of Oregon. Wyeth's second expedition was accompanied by the ornithologist J. K. Townsend and the botanist Thomas Nuttall; and a full account of it is given by the former in his 'Narrative' (8vo, Philadelphia, 1839); but of the earlier one our knowledge has hitherto remained very incomplete. Now we have the original documents in the case of both expeditions in vol. i., parts 3-6, of "Sources of the History of Oregon," subtitled 'The Correspondence and Journals of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 1831-36,' being a continuation of Contributions of the Department of Economics and History of the University of Oregon by the Oregon Historical Society, edited by F. G. Young (University Press, Eugene, Oregon, 8vo, pp. xx, 262, maps). This is of prime authenticity and authority, being nothing less than 245 letters written by Wyeth before, during, and after his expeditions, together with his original journal of them both, just as it was jotted down day by day. Nearly all of this is brand-new matter, hidden from the public in manuscript all these years, and no more genuine "sources" of history of trade, settlement, and adventure in the West will ever be forthcoming.

—We cannot here go into the substance of these precious documents, now first brought to light, but may note as perhaps the most important single operation of Wyeth the founding, on Snake River, at the mouth of the Portneuf, of Fort Hall—an establishment that was for many years a focal point in the region now represented by Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, and which bequeathed its name to another Fort Hall in a different place, as well as to an important Indian agency. The editor's work is very carefully and thoroughly done; he gives us the original Wyeth manuscripts in all their roughness and eccentricities of syntax, spelling, and punctuation—indeed, Mr. Young's scrupulosity leads him to print, for example, "her[e]tofor[e]" where Wyeth wrote "hertofor." This is perhaps beyond the verge of editorial requirements, especially as the converse cases of superfluous or misused letters in the manuscripts cannot be similarly rectified. The editor is

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also at great pains to keep or set right Wyeth's dates, which are often wrong in the original. He undertakes scarcely any other annotation, and we cannot criticise him for what he did not set out to do; but there are hundreds of places where Wyeth's geographical names, now lapsed, or misgiven in the manuscript, need elucidation; as, for example, the repeated appearance of "Porpoise" River, which the editor might, in mercy to most of his readers, have shown to be a mistake for Popoagie River, which joins Wind River to compose the Bighorn.

—There is some truth and some exaggeration in the sketches published by G. W. Steevens, under the title 'In India' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The author, no stranger to our readers, describes himself as a "respectable newspaper correspondent." In the course of his career he has visited India, and now presents us with his recent but somewhat hasty notes on the people, plague, hunting, pagodas, mills, morals, and canals of that much bewritten land. The style is picturesque: "As for steaming heat—w-w-w-wr! . . . Tropical India! W-w-w-w-wr!" It is thus that the truly vivid newspaper correspondent slapdashes his picture, like an impressionist painting with his thumb. Nevertheless, apart from such blots, the chapters on serious subjects are well worth reading. Though the author is too cocksure about everything to be convincing, his remarks on the army and the frontier question contain some solid matter, and it is evident that he has half-studied his subject, which is more than can be said of many writers on India. But why say that there is not one honest native in the country? It is evident that the wisdom is in great part second-hand, out of the mouths of English officers who talk through another's name. This, however, is not wholly an evil, for it is a gain to get officials' opinions unofficially expressed, as we have them here, to wit: England is ruining her army and playing fast and loose to no purpose on the border; while in the interior she is losing the people's confidence and respect. Plain moral: Do more for the army, let the country take care of itself if necessary, but at any rate down with the intellectual baboo, who is a coward, and give the fighting fellows a chance. It is very funny reading, part of it; but other parts are mournful. We should, however, be unjust to dismiss the book quite thus. As a picture-book of modern India it is brightly written and the descriptions describe. It recalls what one has seen, it makes visible the unseen; one who has read it has really been *in India*, for a short time.

—Dr. A. W. Ward's 'Great Britain and Hanover' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York, H. Frowde) is a small volume containing the six Ford Lectures which were delivered at Oxford during Hilary Term of this year. For a century and a quarter the two states, though never linked by a real union, were held together by virtue of allegiance to a common sovereign. This whole period Dr. Ward does not cover. "For the last time," he says, "the historic connection between Great Britain and Hanover was brought home to the populations of both countries by the battles of Quatrebras and Waterloo." He passes over the last twenty-two years of the union altogether, and touches very lightly on the relations which existed between the two countries during the reign of George III. It is only for the time of the first two Georges that his study is detailed. From the personal nature of the bond, the topics discussed in such a book are to a large extent personal. George I. and George II. were foreigners in England, as William III. had been, and they loved their old home as he loved Holland. But neither of them succeeded in rendering England subservient to the interests of the electorate. This fact conditions the whole character of Dr. Ward's monograph. On the other hand, Hanoverian influences, while not predominating, made themselves felt pretty steadily at the Court of St. James *from 1714 to 1760*. The appendix to Lecture II., entitled "The Hanoverian Junta under George I.," shows how completely the first sovereign of the Brunswick line was cut off from English society. "Unless contemporary accounts are incorrect—which on this head there can be no reason for supposing them to be—the personal *entourage* of King George I., from his body-servants upwards, consisted, with the exception of Mahomet and Mustapha, *entirely of Germans*." In a lesser degree the same influence existed during the next reign, but, thanks to Walpole, England suffered little from it. That Minister's remark to the Queen, at a time when the court wished England to join in the War of the Polish Succession, is delightful: "Madam, there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one Englishman." Dr. Ward's book is thoroughly *good—indeed, it is quite* the best thing on its subject with which we are familiar.

—'The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards' (Longmans) is a collection of unpublished documents which is intended to supplement Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's 'England in the Age of Wycliffe.' The name of Mr. Edgar Powell is coupled on the title-page with that of Mr. Trevelyan, presumably because he first disclosed to his colleague the existence of the materials which are now published under their joint responsibility. Mr. Trevelyan writes the preface and introduction, besides, we should judge, preparing the volume for the press. The seventy-three pages of contents are divided into five sections, according to the different topics which receive illustration. First come a good many reports of trials which were held after the suppression of Wat Tyler's rising; next, some papers relating to the trial in 1387-8 of John of Northampton, an ex-Mayor of London; then a certain amount of evidence respecting the Lollards; fourthly, a list of foreigners who held places in the Church of England during the reign of Richard; and lastly, a table which shows how the personnel of county members changed during the last Parliaments of the fourteenth century. While the book is but a slender one, it contains good data. It shows, for instance, that the rebellion of 1381 extended more widely than Froissart and the other chroniclers have led us to suppose. Thus, disturbances in the Wirral of Cheshire add a new county to the discontented zone. Kent naturally furnishes the longest list of charges against peasants who did damage during the brief period of popular control in the south. Of all Mr. Trevelyan's documents, by far the most unusual and striking is a "complaint made to the kinge and his Councell against John Fox, Maior of Northampton, and others" (pp. 45-50). The chief count of the indictment runs as follows: "Item, the maior hath made the whole toune in manner to become Lollardes so that the whole toune is gouerned by them, no one daring gainsaie them for feare of theire lives. All ribauds infected with Lollardy, that come into the *said towne are all courteously* received and mainetayned as yf they were prophetts before all others." The volume establishes no facts of the first importance, but is a welcome addition to our knowledge of grave episodes concerning which the chroniclers were not sufficiently explicit.

—'The Letters of Lady Jane Coke to her Friend Mrs. Eyre' (Sonnenschein) form a volume of purely private and personal correspondence which has been edited by Mrs. Ambrose Rathborne. The originals are in the possession of the Rev. R. G. Buckston, *who represents at present the Cotton family* of Derbyshire to which Mrs. Eyre belonged. The letters are of no literary value, and they seldom illuminate important phases of political or diplomatic life. The writer was a good-hearted woman whom the accident of birth had connected with several leading branches of the English aristocracy. The subjects which filled her thoughts appear to have been the balls, weddings, and escapades *of London* (which are much better related by Horace Walpole) and the domestic interests of her personal friends. However, there are a good many people who derive more pleasure from family correspondence than they do from novels. These will doubtless welcome Lady Coke's letters and Mrs. Rathborne's ample illustrations of contemporary life by which they are accompanied. The letters are thirty-seven in number, *and fall within the years* 1747-1758. Many of them are extremely brief and none are long. The editor's comment, we should think, considerably exceeds the text in bulk. Lady Coke herself was a sister of that singular being, Philip, Duke of Wharton, who, in spite of Whig favors, became a Jacobite, suffered attainder, and ended his life in Spain. She married for her second husband a descendant of the great Chief Justice Coke, who, besides being well born, had inherited a large property. As the movements of the present Viceroy of India are followed with considerable interest in this country, it may be worth while to state that the Curzons of the last century figure in Lady Coke's letters. For example: "Sir Nathaniel has certainly great merit to his son, and I admire him prodigiously for letting Mr. Curzon please himself, without *thinking of money*. Caroline is one of my beauties and very much commended. I suppose you will have some gaieties at Kedleston when she arrives. I should think your gold silk the handsomest on such an occasion. I am sure nobody would choose to buy clothes now, silks are so excessive dear, the best plain damasks of common colors are eighteen shillings a yard, and I have given half a guinea for an unwatered tabby."

MICHEL'S RUBENS.

Rubens: His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Émile Michel, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. With forty colored plates, forty photogravures, and two hundred and seventy-two text illustrations. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Two vols., quarto.

M. Michel's life of Rubens, as given us

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in the splendid volumes imported by the Scribners, is by far the most important and the most sumptuous art publication of the year hitherto. In some respects it surpasses even the fine work on Rembrandt by the same author which the same publishers brought out in 1894. In size and general style the two books are alike, but the binding of the present issue is more ornamented, and the illustrations even more lavish and superb than were those of its companion. To our mind, the text is also superior. The materials for a life of Rubens are, fortunately, abundant, and it is possible to construct an authoritative and accurate story without much recourse to the elaborate guessing and the constant transformation of possibilities into probabilities, and probabilities into facts, which the obscure career of Rembrandt rendered necessary or, at least, excusable.

This difference in the amount of recorded fact concerning the two greatest artists of the seventeenth century (or, rather, two of the three greatest—for Velasquez should be admitted to the trio) is characteristic of the profound contrast between the men themselves. They were not in the strictest sense contemporaries, Rubens being nearly thirty years older than Rembrandt; but much of their best work was produced in the same years. Peter Paul Rubens, Knight, Secretary to His Majesty's Privy Council, and Gentleman of the Household of her Serene Highness the Princess Isabella, the most famous artist of the age and one of the finest gentlemen of Europe, died in 1640, leaving a fortune to his family, who spent a thousand florins on his funeral. At that time Rembrandt was still enjoying something of that brief local popularity which seems never to have reached as far as Antwerp, but, twenty-nine years later, he died in poverty and obscurity, a broken-down old bankrupt, and was buried at a cost of thirteen florins. Owing to the indiscretions of his father, Rubens was born in a period of eclipse for his family, and the place of his birth was long doubtful. These doubts have now been dispelled, and the rest of his life is as open as the sunlight. He was an accomplished scholar, a man of great personal charm, the friend and companion of princes. He rode the finest horses, wore the most magnificent clothes, and married the most beautiful women. About the solitary Rembrandt grew up a fantastic legend of mingled debauchery and avarice, and it is not yet known whether the serving-wench who was the mother of his surviving children ever became his wife. Rubens had as many pupils as Raphael, and relied as much on their collaboration; Rembrandt seems to have been hardly more able than Michelangelo to utilize the work of others.

In all these points we seem to see the eternal contrast between the two great types of artist, the Classic and the Romantic. The Romantic artist is intensely personal, intensely poetic, occupied solely with self-expression. The virtue of his work is something that he alone can give it, and he has no use for the hand of another. The Classic artist is engaged in the clear and perfect expression of the ideals of all the world. His work is not so much different from others as it is better, and he generally cares so little for the personal note that he is quite willing that the inferior execution of a pupil should have its place in the work, if only the work be accomplished. The great Romantic artist is generally misunderstood by his contemporaries, as was even Michelangelo, and is rarely materially successful. The great Classic artist is the delight of his time and is covered with honors and rewards, though his fame sometimes suffers a relapse in the next age. Rembrandt was one of the greatest Romantic painters of all time; Rubens we take to have been the great Classic artist of his epoch. Between them stands Velazquez, the Naturalist, neither Romantic and poetic nor Classical and decorative, a pure painter, "le peintre le plus peintre qui fut jamais."

To-day we find Rubens often coarse and vulgar, and we are apt to think of him as a ruddy giant and of his art as a magnificent display of animal strength. It seems to us much more Flemish than universal, more realistic than ideal. To call this *beau sabreur* of the brush, Delacroix's hero and Ingres's devil, a Classicist, may seem to savor of paradox, yet a Classicist we think he essentially was: a Classicist of the seventeenth century and translated into Flemish, yet one who embodied the ideals of his time almost as perfectly as Raphael did those of the high Renaissance in Italy. The faults of Rubens's work are much less individual—much less national, even—than we are apt to think. He was admired even in Italy, and if he was the favorite artist of the King of Spain and of the Italian Queen Regent of France, it was because his art pleased them as it pleased his own countrymen. He was, like Raphael, a humanist, and, like Raphael, an eclectic. The allegory, the pomposity, the exaggeration, and the bad taste of his pictures mark equally the literature, the architecture, and the sculpture of his contemporaries. It was the time of elaborate conceits and long-winded Latin, of the Jesuit churches, and of the Cavaliere Bernini. Rubens was born one hundred years after Titian, and one year after Titian's death. The Venetians had remade the art of painting and the school of line was dead. His Flemish nature might have made a colorist of him in any case, though it did not save some of the Italinates, his predecessors; but an art which was to satisfy the ideals of Europe in the seventeenth century had to be an art of color. Rubens's worship of flesh is little greater than Titian's, and his female types, though less severely drawn, are not more gross than many of the latter's. An artist who greatly influenced Rubens during his stay in Italy was Federigo Baroccio, whose use of exaggerated curves in drawing was nearly as great as Rubens's own. The Flemish woman has been unduly blamed. Rubens's method of drawing was deliberately adopted, and, while it was partly influenced in its flourishing and writing-masterly style by his technical handling of the brush and his desire for rapid execution yet a thousand drawings show that it was carefully prepared for. His copies after Michelangelo show instructively the difference between the sixteenth and seventeenth-century ideals, while it is precisely in his portraits, where he was bound most closely to fact, that his peculiar drawing is least noticeable. He could draw like any one else when he was not trying to be grand and effective.

Of his prodigious ability and fecundity there is of course no doubt. He carried on a vast manufactory for the production of religious and decorative pictures, with the aid of an army of assistants and collaborators; and the amount of work produced and its general excellence are amazing. If he had done nothing but design the canvases that bear his name, and never painted a stroke of them, their number would still be almost incredible; but he is known to have worked more or less on almost all of them, and to have painted many (and some of the largest) entirely with his own hand and in an astonishingly short time. Such rapidity of production was possible only by virtue of the utmost systematization. Each of his assistants was allotted a special task for which he was specially trained, and in the master's own work there was no reliance on mood and no place for accident. Everything was arranged for and calculated in advance, and every day's tranquil and regulated labor brought the picture just so much nearer its predestined completion. If anything was bad, it was easier to paint a new picture than to change the old one. The very handling, with all its ease, certainty, and celerity, was always methodical and never hurried. Rubens was systematic in all things, and his life was ordered like his pictures, and his pictures like his life. In such works as the Medici series in the Louvre there is little personal feeling and little poetry, but the ideal of the time is embodied in a robust and rhetorical prose. If we no longer admire them greatly, it is because our ideals have changed.

To have been the representative artist of an epoch is to leave a great name; but if Rubens had produced nothing but such works as we have been discussing, one could understand the sneer that Mr. Whistler is said to have uttered, "Whether or not Rubens was a great painter, he was certainly an industrious person." But Rubens was more than the incarnation of the seventeenth century in art—he was the precursor of the eighteenth and even of the nineteenth century. Though a precocious artist, he yet ripened slowly, and his best and most personal work was done late in life. After his second marriage in 1630, his travels over, rich, famous, and very much in love, he painted more often for himself alone. A series of canvases of moderate size, painted throughout by his own hand and for his own personal satisfaction, are scattered through the collections of Europe. Most of them are portraits of Helena Fourment, who, sixteen when he married her and only twenty-six when he died, lives for ever in her comely youth in these pictures. She is shown us in her habit as she lived, or masquerading in the characters of sundry saints and mythological persons, and she is shown us in next to no clothes at all, either coming from the bath in a fur pelisse, or posing as Andromeda or Susanna. Here, at last, we find personal feeling, and we find painting the most masterly, color the most delicious, character, beauty, and charm. In the nudes there are still mannerisms and faults of drawing, but there is a perfection of flesh painting that passes even Titian, while the draped portraits are as perfect as anything ever painted. Through Van Dyke, Rubens profoundly influenced the English portrait school of the eighteenth century; in such pictures of this later period as "The Garden of Love" we see Watteau foreshadowed. The subject is

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a very Watteau; and while there is more robustness, more solidity, a less ethereal sentiment, there is as much charm as with Watteau himself. Watteau not only founded his technique on that of Rubens, but discovered in such pictures as this his type of subject and treatment. He refined upon it and transported it from earth to ballet-land, but he lost in vitality as much as he gained in grace, and the "Embarcation for Cythera" yields no greater sum of delight than "The Garden of Love."

In his last years Rubens began to live a part of the time in the country, and landscape first occupied him seriously. The backgrounds of his earlier works, where landscape is introduced, were generally painted by others, but now he began to study nature for himself, and to devote his prodigious skill and the knowledge of his art acquired in a lifetime of production to the rendering of natural effects. The result is a series of pictures of quite astonishing modernity and truth—far in advance of anything produced by the professional landscape painters of his time. M. Michel is probably quite justified in saying that "the best landscapes of Gainsborough, and even of Constable, owe as much to Rubens as to Nature."

To read this book and to study its illustrations is to gain a renewed respect for the good man and the truly great painter whose name it bears, and we are thankful alike to M. Michel and to the publishers for the feast so lavishly spread for us. It remains only to speak of the translation, which, while fairly adequate, is not as idiomatic or as free from traces of Gallic origin as was that of the previous work.

MAU'S POMPEII.

Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

At first thought, the irony of fate seems never to have been better illustrated than by the preservation of Pompeii. Athens and Rome, paramount in civilizing importance and to the sentiments of educated men, are gone, and have left barely a sign of the physical habit in which they lived. But this little dot on the map of Italy, in acres less than many a private park of to-day, absolutely of no importance historically, producing not a single scholar or statesman or soldier, of no high commercial rank, and enriching the world with neither inventions nor discoveries—this ordinary provincial town, not even a provincial capital, has been saved as by a miracle when the great cities of antiquity have vanished almost as completely as if they never had been. Still, it is well for the students of ancient times that if but one type could survive, it should have been the type not of the extreme but of the mean. New York and Paris are not America and France: Athens and Rome were not Greece and Italy. A great metropolis, no more than an eminent individual, can afford us the fair estimate of a nation. We must look to the forgotten millions and to the towns if we are to understand correctly the life of a people. And so Pompeii, unoriginal, imitative, mediocre, with its borrowed environment of laws, religion, literature, and art, teaches us the state of general culture, and the plane of ideas which were prevalent, in the Roman world during the first century of our era.

To quote the author of the work before us, "Any one of fifty cities might have been overwhelmed in the place of Pompeii, and the results, so far as our knowledge of the ancient culture in its larger aspects is concerned, would not have been different." The political institutions of Pompeii were those which Rome imposed upon the world wherever Roman arms advanced. Its religious cults were quite abreast of the fashion. The scraps of literature upon its walls are drawn, so far as we can recognize them, from the books which everybody was reading everywhere. In Pompeian art we find no great masterpieces, but at the best mere reproductions of such—just as every little modern town has its photographs and chromos of great works. In short, Pompeii is the interpreter of the every-day life of the Roman world of its day; it offers us a complete mirror of that which Roman writers wholly passed by, or treated only casually or with ridicule; it helps us, therefore, better than any other source to understand how the Roman millions really lived and worked and prayed and played.

It is surprising enough how little has been written in English about this wonderful town. In Continental languages the literature of the subject has been steadily growing ever since the middle of the eighteenth century; but, for English and American readers, there is Bulwer's romance and almost nothing else except Dyer's book, which, compiled in 1867 and based on a much earlier publication of the Society for the Diffusion of Universal Knowledge, is now quite behind the times. The beautiful volume before us amply makes up for a long period of waiting. Prof. Mau, of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, has devoted himself for twenty-five years to the study of Pompeii, living in summer among the ruins, and passing his winters in Rome digesting the material. Every student of Roman archæology knows that there is nobody better qualified to write with authority on Pompeian antiquities; he has given his proofs in many a special article and in his revision of Overbeck, published so long ago as 1884. But perhaps few have supposed that he could write a book in a style which would make it as attractive to the general reader as this one certainly is.

For this book is obviously intended not primarily for students; it contains little actual information that they will not have met already if they have kept up with the literature of the subject, nor can it enable them to dispense with Overbeck-Mau. It will, however, give them a better broad general view of that for which Pompeii really stands than they have hitherto been able to obtain. And to the reader who knows Pompeii only from Dyer, a new world will be opened. The book is above all a readable book. While the sound conservative judgment of the writer is constantly in evidence (see, for instance, his judicious treatment of the picture called the "Judgment of Solomon" on page 17, of the topic of Christians in Pompeii, on the following page, and of Dörpfeld's theory of the Greek theatre, on page 145), while many old bubbles here get the pricking which they deserve, yet we have in this volume no mere manual of antiquities, but a treatment in a sympathetic spirit by a man not only of sense but of sensibility. No Dryasdust could have written the chapter on the situation of Pompeii, full as it is of poetic coloring; few specialists have the breadth of mind which produced the brief appreciation of the significance of Pompeian culture with which the volume ends.

Doubtless Mau intends to publish a German edition, possibly somewhat enlarged and more technical in its details; but ours is made from his MS., and Americans have the unusual experience of reading a German's book before his own countrymen have seen it. Of Prof. Kelsey's translation nothing but words of praise will be in place; we even suspect that, in clearness of presentation as well as in some other respects, the book owes much more to him than his modest preface might lead one to suppose. The whole work, in some 500 pages, is divided into an introduction and six parts. The introduction, in six chapters, treats of the situation of Pompeii, its history, destruction, excavation, the building, materials, and methods of construction employed there, and the architectural periods through which it has passed. Part first, 25 chapters, deals with public places and buildings; part second, 14 chapters, with the private houses; part third, 3 chapters, with trades and occupations; part fourth, 2 chapters, with tombs and other burial places; part fifth, 4 chapters, with art; and part sixth, 3 chapters, with inscriptions. There are twelve full-page plates, beautifully reproduced from photographs, six plans (in which it is a comfort to find the scales indicated in honest English feet), and 263 illustrations in the text. Of these last, a great many are reproduced from photographs, some (especially restorations of buildings) are from drawings made for this book, about sixty come from Overbeck, and about a dozen from publications of the German Institute. We are glad to say that no more in its pictures than in its text does the book present the appearance of being a rehash of old materials. Scholars will not find here much of the deadly repetition of the old woodcuts of which they have long been tired, though we confess that we do hope to live long enough to see a book on Pompeii which does not contain the cut of the Chinaman ladling out soup. But it is a great blessing to be spared the picture of the slave eavesdropping while his master scolds his mistress in the (restored) house of the Tragic Poet.

We conclude our notice of this most interesting book with mention of half-a-dozen points of fresh interest or of criticism. We find here the first full account in English of the house of Veltius and the villa at Boscoreale, excavations of 1893-'95. The former is noteworthy chiefly for its frescoes—a good selection from which is here published and well described. Perhaps it would have been safe to hint that the so-called "goldsmith's shop" is taken by some to be a scene in the Roman mint. Jewelry, it has been observed, is not ordinarily made with sledgehammers. The villa has preserved for us a Roman bath with its arrangements in a better condition than any yet discovered. A practical plumber would dance with joy at its complicated system of pipes. Prof. Mau's general treatment of the atrium of the Roman house deserves careful reading. Ordinarily in restorations this room is represented as much too low compared to the surrounding rooms. Mau's

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restoration of the House of Sallust (page 280) shows the height as it was. His account of the triclinium (page 257) is obscure; no layman, we think, could possibly understand how the writer thought that the guests were arranged. One final word: there was a side of art in Pompeian houses which we do not find in houses nowadays. It could not be shown in the illustrations of this book, but no chapter on the subject of Pompeian art should ignore it altogether, unless, indeed, a book is meant only *virginibus puerisque*—as we suppose this is not.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

In the 'Red Book of Animal Stories,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans), we have a compilation of tales, in part frankly legendary, such as treat of the Phœnix and Dragons, and in part extracted from works which make more or less pretension to actuality. Perhaps no comparison more antithetic could be cited than that which these stories make by the side of modern animal stories like the 'Jungle Books,' or Seton-Thompson's 'Wild Animals I have Known.' Precluded by the editor's disavowal of accuracy from complaining of the sea captain who met a boa-constrictor in the woods of Delaware, we must express our conviction that fiction, to be enjoyable, should, when it treats of natural objects, be at least moderately plausible. The camel evolved from an inner consciousness should at least be a beast in harmony with itself, and of a certain life-likeness. Apart from the legends, we have found these stories tedious, artificial, and destitute of even literary charm. However, the elegance of the printing and illustration, and the presence of a few old favorites among the folk-lore stories, may make the volume acceptable to some undiscriminating youngsters.

The interest which every child feels in "creatures" is agreeably fed by Wardlaw Kennedy's 'Beasts: Thumb-Nail Studies in Pets' (Macmillan). Not contented with the common house pets, this author kept tortoises, lizards, slow-worms, snakes, rats, an alligator, mongoose, armadillo, and sundry others as unusual. His close and intelligent observations upon their characters make good reading, in which the instructive element is not too obtrusive. He even finds room for the old story of a certain (English) booking clerk, who announced, "on reference to instructions," that, for the purposes of a railway carriage, "a cat's a dog, and a rabbit's a dog, and a squirrel in a cage is a parrot; but a tortoise—why, a tortoise is a insec'."

Animals of a more ordinary sort have posed for Mr. William Nicholson's 'Square Book of Animals' (R. H. Russell). A dozen tenants of house and farm, the dog, cat, hen, cow, horse, goat, etc., designed in this artist's well-known competent manner, adorn each his full square page, facing a neat verse or two by Arthur Waugh which serves to turn the leaf.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's 'Plantation Pageants' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and 'The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann' (Charles Scribner's Sons) are in the familiar vein of his most recent publications, continuing, as they do, the eventful lives of those interesting personages, Aaron and the children of the Abercrombie plantation, with Aunt Minervy Ann and Major Tumlin Purdue. "Glancing back over its pages, it seems to be but a patchwork of memories and fancies, a confused dream of old times," is the author's characterization of 'Plantation Pageants,' and it will, perhaps, answer as well as any for this rambling collection of scenes and events, insufficiently linked together for a coherent tale, and with rather too much of the mythical thrown in. Yet it is not wholly devoid of that charm which has made the creator of Brer Rabbit so dear to the hearts of young and old, and it carries on the picture of reconstruction or pulling together at the South after the civil war. It is in the stirring narrative, told in the rich dialect of Aunt Minervy Ann, that Mr. Harris appears at his best. This typical "Aunty," strong in physique and in executive ability, and still devoted, in spite of newly acquired liberty, to her quondam owner, describes in vigorous language and with delicious humor the return of the moneyless proprietor to his despoiled plantation, the makeshifts to keep the pot a-boiling, and the general social demoralization attendant upon the reversed relations of white and black. Excellent illustrations by A. B. Frost add not a little to the attractiveness of these tales, and are in strong contrast to the poor efforts of E. Boyd Smith in the 'Plantation Pageants.'

Folk-tales from India, gathered by W. Crooke, are retold for the children's benefit by W. H. D. Rouse under the title of 'The Talking Thrush' (London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). The telling is lively, and these folk-stories, the tales of grown-up children, may be expected to take the fancy of a child, who yet, let us hope, will be oblivious to their morals, prompted by experience of Eastern cruelty and cunning. The illustrations, by W. H. Robinson, are also commendable.

From hoary India to modern California is a long jump, and equally great is the distance between Mr. Robinson's clever pen-and-ink work and the clumsy scratches from children's hands which serve as illustration for the California 'Book of Knight and Barbara,' by David Starr Jordan (D. Appleton & Co.). Impromptu stories liberally sprinkled with marvels and magic compose the bulk of this volume—stories on all sorts of topics, which were told by the author to children and owe their present form to a stenographic report. The odd, childish illustrations were selected, we are informed, from a large number contributed by many different children to whom copies of the stories had been sent. Thus, a considerable share of the book's interest is pedagogical, and hardly appeals to a youthful audience. Some stories of animals, true, or with a basis of truth, are also added; the whole making up a book so miscellaneous that, like the Sunday-school Christmas tree, it seems to promise something for everybody.

'The Little Fig-Tree Stories' of Mary Hallock Foote (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pick up their subjects all the way across the continent. The West has its share of frontier incidents. The California garden, the sheep-range, the horse-ranch, the miner's camp, are levied upon; but, for contrast, "Grandfather's Farm," the Eastern farm remembered through long years of absence, also claims a place; and its gates, its waters, its wonderful spare bedroom are dwelt upon with affectionate sentiment.

The fairies, though they are only "pretend fairies," have things pretty much their own way in 'Nannie's Happy Childhood,' by Caroline Leslie Field (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Where inconsistencies and improbabilities are so easily to be explained by reference to their meddling, cool criticism is clearly out of place; so we may as well leave the child happy in her vain imaginings of exalted rank and magic powers for all her friends and relatives, and in the consciousness of being the central, beneficent sun round which all her little system revolves.

Always amusing, though often pathetic, too, are the little London guttersnipes pictured by Edith Farmiloe, in 'Rag, Tag, and Bobtail' (E. P. Dutton & Co.); and the accompanying verses by Winifred Parnell are full of the spirit of these ragged little rascals. But the pictures themselves, with their obtrusive carelessness and uneven finish, remind us again that only a consummate artist can reach that height where art conceals itself and succeeds without apparent effort. When we must choose between success and ease, no wonder we prefer the former.

Father Tabb's 'Child Verse: Poems Grave and Gay' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) is most attractively printed; but its gay pieces are chiefly punning, usually too subtle for a laugh until explained, and its grave are marked by conceits which contain little for the infant mind. Few are like "The Brook," which is really musical; or this, entitled, "Chimney Stacks," which is apt for understanding:

> "In winter's cold and summer's heat
> The hospitable chimneys greet
> Their never failing guests;
> For when the sparks are upward gone,
> The swallows downward come anon,
> To build their neighboring nests."

A slender book of music for children, by Marjorie Dawson, bears the title of 'Rhymes and Jingles' (New York: Wright & Co.). The rhymes are mostly from Mother Goose's budget, and, set to fetching tunes, they seem better fitted than ever for their mission. The jingles are bits of lively dance music to start small feet in motion.

If of making translations of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales there is no end, there is good reason for it; for they are, from their very nature, as perennial as the generations of men themselves, and are apparently destined to be well-nigh as lasting. The latest, however, 'Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Mrs. E. Lucas, and illustrated by Thomas, Charles, and William Robinson' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), is not the usual edition that, after a certain calculable period, is sure to appear. With its paper and letter-press, its pictures and binding, it is an altogether glorified Andersen, that stands out among its fellows almost as the swan in the story, in the perfection of its plumage, outshone its companion ducklings of the pool. The translation, too, which has been made directly from the Danish, as a whole is a better one than we have before possessed in English, and this in spite of the numbers of its predecessors. No pretence of a fresh version is made in still another volume bearing the above title (New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba). It may, perhaps, be the first, Mary Howitt's, the only one mentioned by Edward Everett Hale in his introduction. Helen Stratton's illustrations are the real excuse for being of this reprint, and they

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are freely sprinkled up and down the broad quarto pages. For the great number of them they are of a pretty even quality and display considerable fancy. Any child will be glad to get this book.

Under the Sjambok: A Tale of the Transvaal. By George Hansby Russell. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of 'Under the Sjambok' has seized the opportune moment for speaking his mind about the Boers; and his mind, being an English one, naturally does not overflow with charity towards the burghers of the Transvaal. He is not an accomplished novel-writer, but he gets in plenty of excitement, showing himself in this matter heedless of probability in incident and in the working of any human intelligence of an order higher than that attributed to the Boer. Mr. George Leigh, the narrator, who goes to South Africa to hunt up a long-lost English girl, is such a simple person that he always seems to be the victim rather than the hero of his adventures. The lost girl is supposed to be in the custody of Hans van der Merwe, who lives in the veldt; and the place with a more particular name nearest to his farm is Middelburg. From this town Mr. Leigh, who knows the country well, sets out in an ox-cart, well furnished and provisioned, and accompanied by two Kafirs. As he journeys he observes and describes the landscape. "What a lovely country!" he exclaims. "What prospects are there not here for future generations! . . . Here the lion roams unmolested, monkeys chatter and dart from tree to tree; the deadly black and green mamba twist and twirl their glittering shapes, and the mighty boa-constrictor is not at all uncommon." The prospects for future generations do not seem to us altogether enchanting, and we yield the veldt to posterity without a pang when Mr. Leigh goes on: "But there are worse things to face than lions and snakes." His narrative confirms this ominous statement. The worse things are Boers, especially Van der Merwe (*a hopeless ruffian*), who knows about Leigh's business in the veldt, and means to stop at nothing to keep him out of the way until he shall have married the English girl to his friend, the Landrost of Middelburg, also an incomparable villain.

While Van der Merwe is plotting and pursuing and Leigh is plotting and escaping, we hear much about the Boers that is interesting and greatly to their discredit. Inhuman treatment of the native black races is the most serious accusation. To be 'Under the Sjambok' is not (as in our ignorance of Cape Dutch we supposed) to be a traveller taking one's ease under a wide-spreading tree with an unpronounceable name, but to be a Kafir writhing under the lash of a Boer. For the sjambok is a whip made of water-pig's hide, and it is the Boer's delight, with or without provocation, to whip the Kafir with the sjambok until he faints. Mr. Leigh gives many instances of wanton cruelty. Once, when he is in hiding, he sees a Kafir whipped and contemplates rescuing him from further ill-treatment, remarking:

"I had not travelled through South Africa from north to south and east to west for nothing, and knew well what was in store for the wretch at the hands of the quiet, peaceful, God-fearing, Bible-thumping hypocrites that constitute the majority of the farming population of South Africa in general, and the Transvaal in particular."

With due allowance for violent feeling, all that Mr. Leigh says on this subject is corroborated by writers who possess a calmer style, and, as the Boers, by their constitution, exclude the blacks from almost every human right, extreme brutality to the defenceless slave is not improbable. Whether or not the criticism of the Boer's character and customs is equally well founded, we cannot say, but it is a frank expression of detestation. A few quotations will give the best idea of its quality. Mr. Leigh, stranded alone on the veldt, sees three horsemen approaching. "Three Boers—dirty, ugly specimens of a dirty race. . . . Their faces were covered by rough, bushy beards, and looked as if they had not been washed for a year. Very likely true, as your Boer hates water." These unpleasant persons shook hands "after the manner of their countrymen, holding out a dirty hand straight from the elbow, then dropping it into mine as if it were a dead fish." Mr. Leigh asks a service of a Kafir, making in return a promise. "The groote Baas is an Englishman?" says the Kafir, "and I believe him. The Boer menser lie; they all lie, and if the Baas was one I would not do it." The Boers' favorite pastime when half-drunk is "shooting at empty bottles and betting on their shots; for the men of this holy race are inveterate gamblers." They "play on wheezy concertinas—their idea of music." They sometimes "set up a kind of a howl which no doubt they intend for a cheer," and they are for ever shouting songs about Majuba Hill, no one apparently having the remotest notion of a tune. "When retiring to rest they seldom remove more than their coats and boots," and they are so "gruesome" that they can plunge into mourning on the shortest notice, because they keep a stock of black clothes on hand; also, they "take a great pride in their coffins and keep them in their houses for years." The courts of justice are farcical, their police the "most corrupt in the world," and many customs officials "open to bribes" and, of course, "addicted to drink." An exception to the rule is Viljoen, the field-cornet (sheriff), whom Van der Merwe, being unable to corrupt, shoots in the back. Mr. Leigh thus laments him: "He seemed to be a blunt, straightforward sort of fellow, and I was glad to find that amongst this race of hypocritical humbugs there existed one who bore the semblance to an honest man."

These quotations are fairly representative of the author's feeling and style. It is given to few to be so serious, so sincere, and so amusing.

Fisherman's Luck: and Some Other Uncertain Things. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are so few people who know how to write and fish, and at the same time are lovers and interpreters of nature, that, in this country, they may be more than numbered on the fingers of one hand. When 'Little Rivers' was published a few years since, Dr. van Dyke proved himself easily the head of this select class, and 'Fisherman's Luck' amply confirms his position. In spite of the differences in the points of view between now and the middle of the 17th century, it is not hard to discover in Dr. van Dyke's prose something very like the attitude of Walton towards nature, morals, religion, and sport—not an imitation, but, so much as falls in with our later idea, a community of feeling, which, in its modernized form, brings a likeness in expression. Walton was a homilist; so is our Rev. Doctor. Walton knew and loved nature and his fellow-man, and was very apt to pause in an angling lesson for the purpose of interjecting some ethical idea which had occurred to him, or of quoting from the store of verses and songs he had at his tongue's end; our Rev. Doctor does all of these things but the last, his quotations being from well-known authors and his verses his own.

Dr. van Dyke has not served his best wine in the first chapter of the book, which is called "Fisherman's Luck," and (in our judgment) falls short in interest of many of its successors, though on every page or two one comes to some paragraph or expression which shows the master hand. The second chapter is entitled "The Thrilling Moment," and describes the capture under difficulties of a large ouananiche on the "unpronounceable" river in Quebec. It is a thorough angling chapter, and the story is capitally told. How every angler will feel the truth of the experience described as follows:

"You stroll through the streets of Montreal or Quebec to see whether you can find a few more good flies. Then, when you come to look over your collection at the critical moment on the bank of a stream, it seems as if you had ten times too many, and, spite of all, the precise fly that you need is not there."

There follows a chapter called "Talkability," being conversation about subjects on which one can really talk, and talk interestingly, as distinguished from talkativeness, the propensity to "harangue, dispute, prose, moralize or chatter." Dr. van Dyke makes "goodness" "the first thing and the most needful" for talkability. As to this we differ from him, for it is well known that many great villains excel in powers of interesting conversation, and indeed owe their greatest successes in the paths of vice to their arts in concealing the truth and giving its verisimilitude to falsehood, whereas there are those literally overflowing with goodness whose company is shunned like a pestilence. We can agree with Dr. van Dyke that, "after all, the very best thing in good talk, and the thing that helps it the most, is friendship," and, without expressing any opinion about it, we quote the last paragraph of the chapter: "The one person of all the world in whom talkability is most desirable and talkativeness least endurable, is a wife."

"A Wild Strawberry" and "Lovers and Landscape" have a tenuous angling thread running through them, and are charmingly discursive and (especially the latter) full of good bits of thought and description, *e. g.:*

"In old times you could rely on lovers for retirement, but nowadays their rôle seems to be a bold ostentation of their condition. They rely upon other people to do the timid shrinking part. . . . How foolish the average audience in a drawing-room looks while it is listening to passionate love ditties. . . . How many of these [the plays] that are imported from France proceed upon the theory that the seventh is the only commandment, and that the principal attraction of life lies in the opportunity of breaking it."

In fact, there can be nothing but commendation for this chapter, with the possible exception of the author going rather

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out of his way to praise 'The Rise of Silas Lapham'; but possibly that was from a piscatorial standpoint.

Next in order is "A Fatal Success," being that of a man, himself a "passionate and triumphant fisherman," who, after years of trying, converted his wife too entirely to his own beliefs; she being a woman who, "when she came into the breakfast-room and said 'Good-morning,' it was with an air as if she presented every one with a check for a thousand dollars." Such benefactions as this are not confined to the fair sex. "Who Owns the Mountains" is full of philosophy and beautiful thoughts, with a good bit of satire running through the chapter for such as yield to the popular idea of valuing a man according to his possessions.

"Pomposus Silverman purchased a rich library a few years ago. The books were rare and costly. That was the reason Pomposus bought them. He was proud to feel that he was the possessor of literary treasures which were not to be found in the houses of his wealthiest acquaintances. But the threadbare Bücherfreund who was engaged at a slender salary to catalogue the library and take care of it, became the proprietor. Pomposus paid for the books, but Bücherfreund enjoyed them."

There is much more of wit and wisdom in some of the other chapters, and pervading them all but one is the evidence of that intimacy with nature which could not be feigned, and which so few of those who feel it can express. Indeed, it seems that to none since Walton could Wordsworth's lines be better applied:

> "Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
> Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
> To reverent watching of each still report
> That Nature utters from her rural shrine."

And now for the one chapter, that entitled "Fishing in Books," at page 131. Dr. van Dyke says that Izaak Walton's success with 'The Compleat Angler' was a fine illustration of fisherman's luck. He set out, in partnership with a pastry-cook named Thomas Barker, to produce "a little discourse of fish and fishing," etc. This Thomas Barker was the author of 'Barker's Delight,' an angling-book published in 1651, from which Walton two years later copied extracts in 'The Compleat Angler,' giving Barker credit therefor. Barker speaks of himself as a "Master Cook," which would probably imply that he had, with other culinary accomplishments, a deft hand at pastry, but we cannot find any evidence to show that Walton ever saw him, though, as they were contemporaries and had the same publisher, it is very possible that they were acquainted. Even were they acquainted, the idea that they worked in collaboration on the 'Compleat Angler,' which seems a reasonable inference from the quotation above, does not prevail among lovers of angling literature, and will be news to most of them. Perhaps Dr. van Dyke based the "partnership" on the use Walton made of Barker's book; but, if so, the word is a little strong for his meaning.

A number of other works on angling are commended, and the list might well have been enlarged by the addition of such charming books as Peard's 'A Year of Liberty,' Newland's 'The Erne: Its Legend and its Fly-fishing,' Crawhall's various treatises, and that characteristic Irish work, O'Gorman's 'Practice of Angling in Ireland.'

There is a very handsome and limited large-paper edition of 'Fisherman's Luck,' for the benefit of the Pomposi Silvermen and such collectors as can afford it.

A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman. By Charles Neufeld. With numerous portraits and plans. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. Pp. xiv, 365. 8vo.

Charles Neufeld was captured by the dervishes in April, 1887, while on a trading expedition in the Sudan. On his manly and persistent refusal to renounce Christianity, he was put in fetters which he wore continuously, except for thirteen days, until his release by the English, September 3, 1898. The first four years were spent in the prison at Omdurman, the succeeding four as a prisoner-at-large in Khartum, where he was employed in the manufacture of saltpetre. Reimprisoned on the escape of Slatin Pasha, the remainder of his captivity was about equally divided between the arsenal and the prison. He thus had little opportunity for personal intercourse with the dervish leaders, but he refers to them occasionally, and among others to Osman, of whom he says that "it was well known to the Khalifa and every one else in the Sudan that Osman had an excellent eye for a field of battle, and knew an hour before any one else did when to make a bolt for it on a losing day." This fortunate characteristic was shown in the recent battle in which the Khalifa's followers were cut to pieces and he himself slain, but Osman escaped.

On reaching Cairo, Neufeld immediately began the dictation of the narrative contained in this volume, his principal motive being to defend himself against accusations of actively aiding the Khalifa and of refusing to avail himself of opportunities to escape when offered. How far his statements on these points, unsupported by witnesses, can be credited, it is of course impossible to say; but the prison and chains in which his rescuers found him would seem to have furnished convincing proof that the Khalifa regarded him as a dangerous enemy. His story leaves the impression of a man not without serious blemishes, indeed, but one faithful to his principles—"the only avowed Christian in the Sudan" among the European captives—and of splendid courage and endurance. It unavoidably lacks the general interest of those of Slatin Pasha and Father Ohrwalder, as they, having the freedom of the dervish capital, could describe its life and the main incidents of Abdullah's reign. But nothing which they have written can equal in graphic force and terrible interest Neufeld's account of his prison life. Even allowing for some exaggeration in the horrible details of the nights in the "Umm Hagar," or dungeon, comparable to the Black Hole in Calcutta or the hold of a slave-ship, it is difficult to conceive how life could have been sustained, not for a week or a month even, but for years. Insanity, not death, was what he feared, and he gratefully acknowledges that the kindness of the Austrian missionary and others of the prisoners-at-large alone "kept that slender thread [his reason] from snapping." His description of the routine of life in an Oriental prison, of his jailer and fellow-captives, as well as of his work at the arsenal, though not without interest, contains nothing especially noteworthy. But with the approach of the Anglo-Egyptian army the reader shares in the excitement of the prisoner, whose reason is well-nigh overthrown as the shells, the harbingers of his release, begin to fall in the city. Of the eventful day of the victory of Omdurman he says, "The whole night through we could hear the soft pat, pat, pat of naked feet, and sometimes the hard breathing of men running a race." At length the moment of release came.

"It seemed an age while the chain was being slipped from my shackles, and then, led by Idris, I made my way to the gate of the Saier. I was crying dry-eyed. I could see a blurred group, and then I was startled out of my senses by hearing English spoken—the only words of a European language I had heard for seven long years. From that blurred group, and through the gloom, came a voice, 'Are you Neufeld? Are you well?' And then a tall figure stepped towards me, and gave my hand a hearty shake. It was the Sirdar. I believe I babbled something as I received a handshake from one and a slap on the shoulder from another, but I do not know what I said."

In addition to his own personal experiences, Neufeld gives an interesting glimpse of the bearing of the Khalifa in those last days and of his narrow escape from capture. He also asserts, with unnecessary vehemence, on the testimony of Gen. Gordon's cavass, who was at his side at the fall of Khartum, that the general died fighting in an attempt to join his soldiers. The received tradition is that he met his death unresistingly.

Criticism of the style and arrangement of Neufeld's narrative, considering the circumstances of its composition, would be out of place. It does not appear whether it was dictated in German or English. No editor's name is mentioned, nor are we informed how much editing has been done. It bears marks of haste in preparation, and there is some avoidable incoherency, mainly in the accounts of the attempts to rescue the author. Some few passages, also, might well have been omitted. The book as a whole, however, is a plain, straightforward story, and a notable addition to the literature of the eastern Sudan. There are some striking photographs of Neufeld and his companions.

An Idler in Old France. By Tighe Hopkins. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Readers who follow Mr. Hopkins in his rambles along social by-ways of mediæval and Renaissance French life will find in him a singularly well-informed and entertaining guide. In this volume, composed of a dozen magazine articles now gathered together, there is not a single dry or colorless page. The general purpose of the book, as indicated in its opening paragraphs, is to correct erroneous impressions as to the attractiveness of old-time life by showing, with the help of history, its literally sordid and grimy side. Mr. Hopkins, who is himself a novelist, thus takes up a brief against some of the brethren of his own craft, under whose treatment the historical novel has become "a pure convention," a falsifier of popular conceptions. It will be remembered that, in the Oudinot memoirs, the Duchess of Reggio expresses her amusement and surprise over novelists who never leave their heroines a moment for ablutions or changes of dress; Mr. Hopkins virtually replies that the heroines of history cheerfully forewent both, of their own accord. Streets, toilet, table, travel, and other ordinary surroundings or conditions of life are shown up in all their malodorous

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reality, and yet so skilfully as not to disgust, but to fascinate.

A minutely critical historian might perhaps object that this impressionist fashion of treating social life in bygone days presents nothing but the darker colors of the picture, unrelieved; for, after all, Erasmus, who in his "Diversoria" sketches the condition of the inns of his time, singles out Lyons as a town famous for clean and well-appointed hostelries, contrasting more than favorably with German ones. And M. Huysmans, in 'Là-Bas,' paradoxically contends that the Middle Ages were the days of general washing, while uncleanliness came in on what Mr. Ruskin calls "the foul torrent of the Renaissance." It may be added, too, that the nineteenth century furnishes not altogether isolated examples of truly mediæval indifference to matter-out-of-place. Ford, in 'Gatherings in Spain,' tells of a Spanish grandee who, on a visit to an English country house about the forties, contented himself with a lotion of white of egg, and, during a fortnight, never disturbed the utensils of the toilet-table; and we remember the description by a contemporary French traveller of the college dormitory with its "cuvettes microscopiques, mises là comme par concession maussade aux idées du jour."

Mr. Hopkins has an easier case to plead in his exposition of table customs and the dressing of food during the darker ages of gastronomy. We may pardon our forbears their gross feeding, but capons "greased" with sugar plums, and pastry flavored with musk, not one of our hardiest trenchermen can think of without a qualm. By slow evolution, also, we have learnt to distinguish the respective functions of knife, fork, and fingers, although two "Civilités," or books of decorum, published in 1695 and 1782, seem to have found such points deserving of elucidation, and equally so the fact that the napkin is neither a face-mop nor a plate-polisher.

In a chapter dealing with the more vitally serious question of trade-guilds, the author, while admitting the protection they offered the public against the scamping of work by the lazy or the incompetent, is disposed to agree with Charles Reade in the view that ascribes to labor-unions in general an inherent hostility to independence or originality of idea.

Coming down to more modern times, Mr. Hopkins intensifies one's feeling of gratification at living under humaner conditions, by presenting a series of pictures entitled "Le Bagne," or the life of convicts in France, which, after the abolition of the *galères*, lasted as late as 1852. The details given in this sketch naturally challenge comparison with Victor Hugo's dreadful descriptions in 'Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné'; but the division which deals with clever escapes is a worthy rival to Major Griffiths's well-known chapter on the same subject in 'Secrets of the Prison House.'

Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book. Akron, O.: The Werner Company.

The Hostess of To-day. By Linda Hull Larned. Charles Scribner's Sons.

'Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book' professes to confine its teachings strictly to the American way of cooking; rejecting recipes which are not adapted "to most of our homes." We fail to see wherein this claim is made good, except in the case of certain aliments indigenous to the soil. The book in reality is a sort of household encyclopædia, for it contains within its covers all kinds of information (contributive and perhaps necessary to the happiness of the average rural family), from how to make a fish chowder to a remedy for boils. In this direction it is successful. It treats of "How to Serve a Dinner," with routine recipes to accomplish that purpose; "Diet for Invalids"; "Things to Know"; "The Laundry"; "Medical Items"; "Hints on Table Etiquette," etc. The domestic note is consistently maintained. The author takes us into her confidence, and tells us, pictorially, that she has enjoyed half a century of married life, a half-tone plate showing "The dining-room and table as it was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the author's wedding day," while a reprint in gilt text of the menu of the meal provided on the occasion serves to remove the last doubt on the subject. This little autobiographical display is pardonable, as it is alleged that Mrs. Gillette's first essay in culinary literature, the predecessor of the compilation under notice, attained a circulation of a million copies. The volume is provided with a very complete and satisfactory index.

In 'The Hostess of To-day' we have a culinary treatise worthy of as serious consideration as it is possible to accord to literature of the kitchen. It merits encomium not only for the novel manner in which the recipes are presented, but for the piquant quality that pervades them. It will be most suggestive and helpful to those who are in search of either simple or elaborate combinations suitable for dinners or lunches, afternoon teas, evening collations, and chafing-dish creations. Within its limitations it is in advance of any kindred native contemporaneous publication. Moreover, it is adapted even to the novice, for in its recipes useless verbiage and elaborate and involved directions are discarded, as the following example will illustrate:

"*No. 109. Clams Deviled and Broiled. 20 cts.*

"A: 12 large clams.

"B: 1 tbsp. olive oil, 1 tsp. made mustard, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. paprica.

"C: ½ c. fine crumbs.

"D: 12 small thin slices bacon.

"Dip A in B; roll in C; run on skewers alternately with D; broil over slow fire."

Of the abbreviations, "tbsp" obviously signifies a tablespoonful, "tsp" teaspoonful, "c" cup. The cost of each dish, although given, can only be approximate, and is useful in that sense alone.

The sole superfluous matter incorporated in the book relates to elementary directions for the service of meals, etc. This is unnecessary, for the audience that the author will command has adequate knowledge on this subject. Technical criticism of the recipes contained in 'The Hostess of To-day' will naturally fasten upon the use of Worcestershire sauce, which the author indicates too frequently as an ingredient of her concoctions. This provocative, or whatever it may be called, possesses such a dominant flavor that it smothers all others with which it is brought in contact. Such powerful artificial combinations are a distinguishing feature of Anglo-Saxon cookery, and are intended to cover its general poverty of resource. They are unknown to French kitchens.

Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew. With an introduction by her son, John Drew. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

This little volume is too precisely what it professes to be to give full satisfaction to the student of stage history, being little more than a bare outline of Mrs. Drew's professional career, with dates of her different engagements, the names of the characters in which she appeared, and the briefest references to the many distinguished players with whom she was associated at different times. Seeing that she was identified with the American stage, as child and woman, for more than seventy years, it seems a pity that she should not have drawn more liberally upon the fund of anecdote and observation which she must have accumulated. The fact that these memoirs were jotted down mainly for the pleasure of her immediate family may be an explanation of their brevity, but scarcely reconciles the reader to their leanness. The disappointment is all the greater because it is quite plain that Mrs. Drew had at her fingers' ends all the materials of an interesting and valuable book if she could only have been prevailed upon to make use of them.

Practically the whole of her long life was passed before the footlights, and although she won distinction while still young, success came only after years of hard work in every variety of theatrical entertainment. It is the old story of the thorough training essential to artistic excellence. She began as a juvenile prodigy, at the age of seven or eight years, and was precocious enough to please the theatre-goers of that day in infantile parodies of such parts as *Richard III.*, *Goldfinch*, and *Dr. Pangloss*. The first Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of the present veteran, a player of high repute, was content to play *Homespun* to her. After this she played all the usual child parts, and so proceeded gradually by the usual course to the position of leading lady, counting herself rich when she secured a salary of $20 a week. She travelled all over this country, and was twice shipwrecked during professional trips to the West Indies. She opened the first theatre built in Chicago, and participated in many other interesting incidents, but the casual glimpses which she affords of her experiences are only just enough to create a desire for more. Of the development of the American stage, in which she took so active a part, or of the characteristics of the great players whom she knew, she has little or nothing to say. She mentions as a trait of Edwin Forrest that he was uncommonly considerate in his conduct towards minor actors on the stage —a virtue not generally accredited to him— and refers to the eccentric conduct and exquisite delivery of the elder Booth; but to the Kembles, Thomas S. Hamblin, Thomas A. Cooper, Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, and a host of other celebrities, in whose company she acted, she makes only the briefest allusions. Of the older American actors James Murdoch appears to have excited her warmest admiration, and she has warm words of praise also for E. L. Davenport, whose *Sir Giles Overreach* she preferred to that of J. B. Booth. Even concerning her own achievements as actress and manager she is no less concise, summing up the history of her memorable directorship of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia in a few pages of bald detail.

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Nevertheless, the book is worth reading as an illustration of the sort of apprenticeship which the really skilled actors of the past were compelled to serve, and is rendered additionally attractive by a number of excellent portraits, some of which are to be found only in the possession of collectors.

An appendix, by Douglas Taylor, contains useful biographical notes of the more eminent performers named in Mrs. Drew's booklet.

The Life of James Dwight Dana, Scientific Explorer, Mineralogist, Geologist, Zoologist, Professor in Yale University. By Daniel C. Gilman. Harper & Brothers. 1899. 8vo, pp. 409.

If the study of human character ever becomes a science and it is desired to treat the Man of Science as a distinct variety of the *genus homo,* no better type-specimen can be selected than James D. Dana. He opened up no new intellectual world, as Darwin and, in some measure, Helmholtz, did. Such men are not normal specimens of the Scientist. Nor were his achievements as brilliant, say, as those of Riemann, of Faraday, of Mendeléef. But that was owing to the nature of his branch of science, geology. Dana, the abundantly thorough geologist, he might have been called; the other four epithets of the title-page being swallowed up in this one. In Riemann's science, mathematics, achievement is the easier for the circumstance that only one kind of ability, the pure exercise of intellect, is called for. In tracing the laws of electricity and in other such nomological research, to some mathematical genius (which, as in Faraday's case, need not recognize itself as such) must be added a power of analyzing phenomena, together with those of devising and executing decisive experiments. The discovery of a true classification—a classification which, like Mendeléef's, is to resist the ravages of time—demands all the powers of the nomologist, and in addition a far finer observation—that observation which awakes to the significant thing like a mother to her infant's voice, and seizes upon characteristics which, though they be known and recorded, are by ordinary men passed over without appreciation of their bearing. But to pursue an explanatory science, like geology, with success, one most be provided with all those mental engines and more besides. After all, what is chiefly requisite in classificatory science is to sit down and listen to the voice of nature until you catch the tune. But concerning causes nature is not communicative. They are the secrets of the sphinx. She will vouchsafe no more than a terrible monosyllabic "no" to one guess after another whose making may have cost lives. The invention of the right hypothesis requires genius—an inward garden of ideas that will furnish the true pollen for observation's flowers. And the framing of the hypothesis is merely the preparation for the main work of verification—of pressing Nature with question upon question until she is forced to a tacit confession; a work demanding the most varied powers, above all that kind of observation which is called "shrewd."

Dana, for example, not only showed himself a good technical mathematician in his treatment of crystallography in the fourth and earlier editions of his 'System of Mineralogy,' but also was able, in an untechnical way, to produce a mathematical analysis of problems arising in geology. He early showed an aptitude for chemistry, and published two papers upon cohesive attraction, a subject inviting only to a man of nomological ability. One of the deepest-going exhumations of his research, the law of cephalization, belongs to this division of science. In two classificatory sciences, mineralogy and zoölogy, his superiority was acknowledged. In geology, while he would be the last of men to neglect details, yet his eye was always turned to the greatest problems—such as the permanence of continents and oceans, the general state of the earth's surface as a whole at different epochs, and the like. He always generalized. His studies included the moon as well as the earth, and he looked upon geological history as a type of evolution in general, or progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Dana pursued the most difficult of the sciences, barring none, in a more thorough and comprehensive manner than any other man of his generation. At any rate, he and his scholars have made America the headquarters of geology. But that which, above all, renders Dana the type of the scientific man in general, taking physicists and psychicists (*i. e.,* psychologists, anthropologists, archæologists, philologists, historians, etc.) together, is that whatever matter seriously engaged his intellect, that he must study with the most systematic and laborious dredging. The inevitable effect of this is to bury a great part of the man under drudgery, so that the narrative of his life requires an intelligent running commentary to bring out the interest of it. For Dana, especially, whose habits were formed before the days of typewriters, and stenographers, and the other paraphernalia of modern wealth—a man who himself travelled to the post-office several times a day, and managed with such poor means as college professors before the war had at their command—this is peculiarly true.

The great amount of drudgery in Dana's life has, perhaps, given President Gilman the impression that his subject was not a very interesting one, or, at any rate, has led him to lose no opportunity of inserting matter that does not relate to Prof. Dana. Such are an extract from a sermon by Jowett about the universe, two of the three chapters on the United States Exploring Expedition, sketches of other officers of Yale College, an account of the foundation and early history of Silliman's *Journal.* We are willing to admit that it was the biographer's duty to show how the promoter, the author, of the United States Exploring Expedition, which went far to redeem America's reputation, being too single-hearted a man to blow his own trumpet, has been allowed to fall into oblivion, after the custom of republics, so that biographical dictionaries hardly know the name of John N. Reynolds. The other insertions, too, are decidedly interesting in themselves. Could they not have been compassed without creating the impression of fleeing to them for relief from the dryness of the main matter? We will say no more on that head. We might perhaps have excused ourselves altogether from adverting to the degree of literary mastery employed, on the ground that the book is nearly made up of excerpts, and that those excerpts are very well worth reading. It is also fair to consider that the task of preparing this biography was one not sought by the author, and which he could not well have declined, remote as are his own occupations from those of the geologist. His well-known sympathy for science and scientists made it natural to select him rather than another friend for this office.

The book is pretty enough. To some eyes it would have been more so had there been somebody to see that the number of portraits of Prof. Dana the volume contains were rightly counted, that the names of persons mentioned, such as Benjamin Peirce and Daniel Huntington, were always correctly given, and the like. It is difficult to believe that one of the De Saussures made a mistake in French for every three lines of print his letter fills, or that Milne-Edwards should have doubled this proportion. But these are symptoms of a brief transition period in the history of a great publishing house, for which all readers must be inclined to kindly indulgence in remembrance of the benefits and pleasures of the past.

Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People. By Norman Hapgood. Macmillan. 1899.

So many lives of Lincoln have been written heretofore that for the existence of this one there does not appear to be any good and sufficient reason. It does not, of course, invite comparison with the elaborate historical biography of Nicolay and Hay, but, among the shorter lives, there are some that should have given Mr. Hapgood's biographical ambition pause. Carl Schurz's study-sketch would leave a stranger to the life and character of Lincoln better informed as to his genius and performance than Mr. Hapgood's 433 pages. But Mr. Hapgood's deliberate appeal is to a different judgment and taste than were met and satisfied by Mr. Schurz and by Mr. Morse's volumes in the "American Statesmen" series. We have had 'The True George Washington' and 'The True Benjamin Franklin,' and we have here, very much in the manner of those doubtful ventures, the True Abraham Lincoln; the idea being that the true man is the man in his most ungirt and careless moods, the man displaying his seamy side, if he has one, with the least possible reserve. Others have done this before Mr. Hapgood, notably Lincoln's friends Herndon and Lamon; but their books were *mémoires pour servir,* and as such have been useful to the more elaborate biographers. Similar was Whitney's 'Life on the Circuit with Lincoln,' in which Mr. Hapgood seems to have found more plums for his pudding than elsewhere. Upon all these books Mr. Hapgood has drawn freely, especially upon their stories ascribed to Lincoln and their admissions of his addiction to political methods which "the purists" (as Mr. Hapgood habitually calls those who like the cleaner kind of politics) cannot heartily approve. The stories are generally good, and Lincoln's vivid application of them to particular occasions was even more remarkable than the fulness of his repertory. The most of them appear to be well authenticated, and others of more questionable shape could easily have been raked together. For all his frankness, Mr. Hapgood has stopped short of the most absolute sincerity. That is a very interesting comparison made by Mr. Rhodes in the recent fourth volume of his history. He says, justly, that Lincoln is generally agreed to

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have been a man of higher spiritual grade than Grant, while of the latter it is true that he did not use profane language, and frowned upon such "good stories" as were not sweet and clean.

It is not easy to imagine that any one would think so well of Lincoln after reading this book as before, could they not appeal from it to other and more comprehensive representations. This does not mean that Mr. Hapgood has had the intention of writing Lincoln down. He writes more things that are favorable to him than the reverse, and lavishes upon him many strains of generous and lofty praise. But he seems to do these things, as Capt. Wybrow in George Eliot's story did what was pleasant and agreeable to him—from a sense of duty; while he tells the vulgar story and reports the political indirection with as much relish as conscientiousness, if not more. Somehow the emphasis appears to be upon the lower things. There is much more upon Lincoln's stooping to machine methods to secure his second election than upon his rising to withstand, almost alone, the Republican tide of immoral compromise and concession in the winter of 1860-61. The steps leading to emancipation are explained indifferently well, and in what temper may be judged from a single sentence: "Meantime the abolitionists [*i. e.*, the radical Republicans] were howling for universal emancipation."

The idea of making a history of the war is disclaimed at the outset, but where particulars are given they should be correct. They are not where Grant is said to have "finally decided to risk destruction by having the fleet take the army down the river in front of the batteries." On the opposite page we have the true account in a letter from Lincoln to Grant. There are other misstatements, as where Grant is represented as refusing to write a letter in aid of Lincoln's reëlection. The letter was written, and a very effective one it was. There is some careless use of words. Brooks's assault on Sumner is said to have been "unprovoked," which it certainly was not; and "indignation" is said to have been a quality entirely foreign to Lincoln's nature, where "vindictiveness" would be the right word.

Peaks and Pines. Another Norway Book. By J. A. Lees. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899. pp. xii+378.

The writer of the present book is upon old stamping-ground, since he was joint author of that amusing account of adventures and misadventures entitled 'Three in Norway,' published several years ago. The tone of this new book is not dissimilar, as the "verses" on the title-page show:

> "When all the world has grown a bore
> And all your life hard lines,
> Come hither! Peak and pine no more
> 'Mid Norway's peaks and pines."

After this we may expect anything, and we get it before the book is done. Underneath the surface of this vacation levity there is, nevertheless, a record of reality, and one who has been in Norway with rod and gun recognizes straightway the inherent genuineness of the descriptions of the pleasures and trials that are sure to come in due measure out of the ups and downs of an expedition to the *fjeld*. One of the few really serious paragraphs in the book puts this admirably when it says:

"Norway is a hard country; hard to know, hard to shoot over, and hard—very hard—to fall down on: but hard to forsake, and harder to forget. It would scarcely be possible, and certainly not desirable, to make the wild Northland any easier for the arm-chair sportsman or the luxurious tourist; but for the lover of Nature who is keen enough to take considerable trouble for his sport, and who will be content with modest results for his exertions with rifle and rod, gun, knapsack, or alpenstock, there is no easily accessible country to equal it, nor one that will afford him such store of health and pleasant memories."

The illustrations are from photographs and sketches by the author. To meet the latter upon his own ground, we would say, in conclusion, that although the *rype*, as they call the ptarmigan in Norway, is the bird most often mentioned in the book and is even pictured on the cover, this is more than anything else the story of a "lark." To all, however, who love the fresh life of the open air and can appreciate the buoyancy of spirit born of it, whether they have been in Norway or not, the book will surely appeal.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, W. J. Blue Jackets of '98: A History of the Spanish-American War. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bergengren, R. In Case of Need. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Carman, Bliss. A Winter Holiday. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.
Drummond, Prof. James. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Fisher, J. R. Finland and the Tsars. London: Edward Arnold. $2.
Guerber, H. A. Legends of Switzerland. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hale, E. W. The Dreyfus Story. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Keeler, C. A Season's Sowing. Illustrated by Louise Keeler. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
Kinney, C. Mists of Fire: A Trilogy and Some Eclogs. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.
Long, W. J. Ways of Wood Folk. Boston: Ginn & Co. 65c.
Miss Polly Fairfax. New York: P. F. McBreen.
Morley, Margaret W. The Honey-Makers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Morris, Clara. Little "Jim Crow." The Century Co. $1.25.
Pemberton, Caroline H. Stephen the Black. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Pennypacker, S. W. The Settlement of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and the Beginning of German Emigration to North America. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell.
Putnam, F. Living in the World, with Other Ballads and Lyrics. Rand, McNally & Co.
Quinet, Mme. E. Cinquante Ans d'Amitié. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 3 fr. 50c.
Ragozin, Zenaïde A. Frithjof, the Viking of Norway, and Roland, the Paladin of France. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Roberts, M. The Colossus. Harpers.
Rogers, W. A. Hits at Politics: A Book of Cartoons. R. H. Russell.
Schouler, J. History of the Civil War. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.25.
Shakespeare, W. Twelfth Night. Cassells. 10c.
Sheppard, W. L. Worldly Wisdom: Extracts from Chesterfield's Letters to His Son. R. H. Russell.
Strang, L. C. Famous Actors of the Day in America. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Tabb, J. B. Child Verse. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Teck, F. C. Under Western Skies: Poems. New Whatcom, Wash.: Blade Publishing Co. 50c.
The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers from the Spectator. D. Appleton & Co.
Ver Beck, F. Acrobatic Animals. R. H. Russell.
Wood, B. The Successful Man of Business. Brentano.

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